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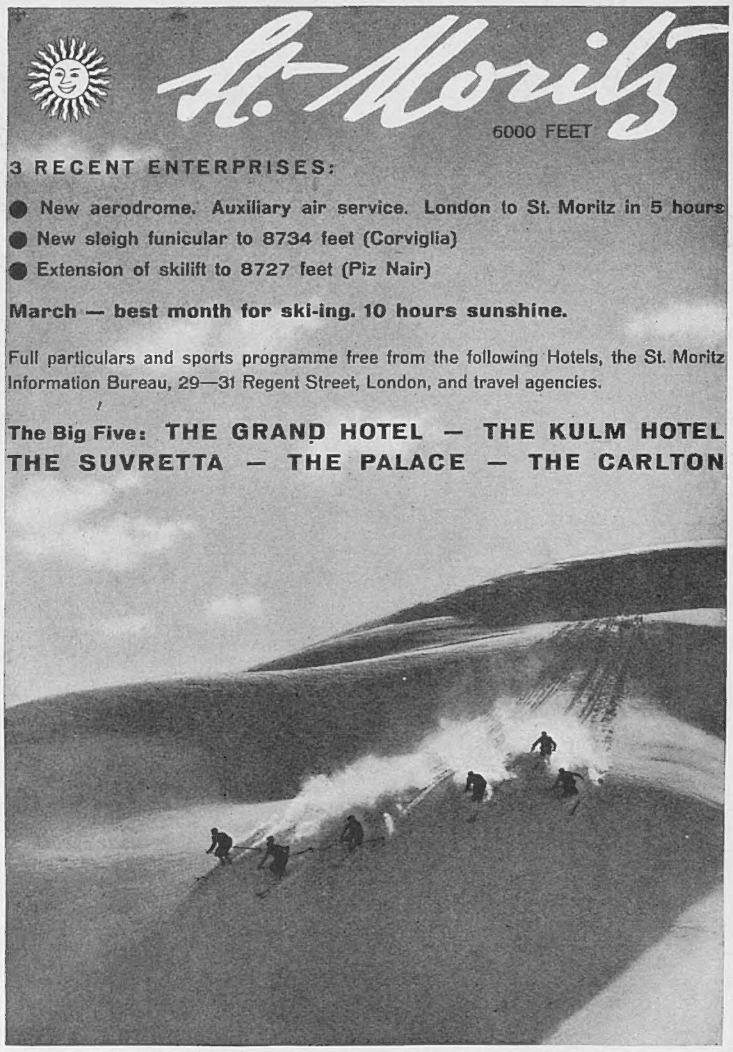

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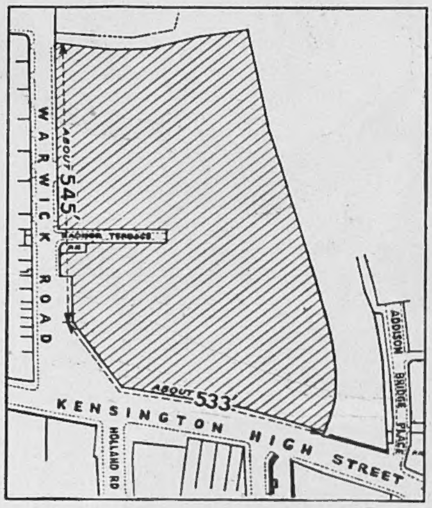

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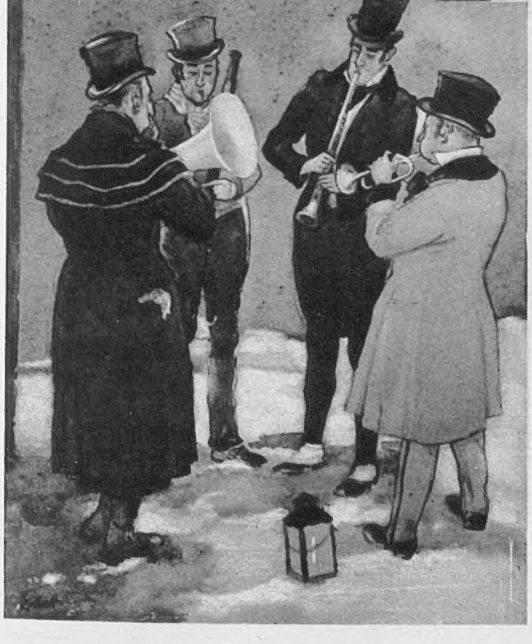

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The Sketch

No. 2339—Vol. CLXXX. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1937. ONE SHILLING

MERLE OBERON AS FOGGED BEAUTY IN BORROWED PYJAMAS.

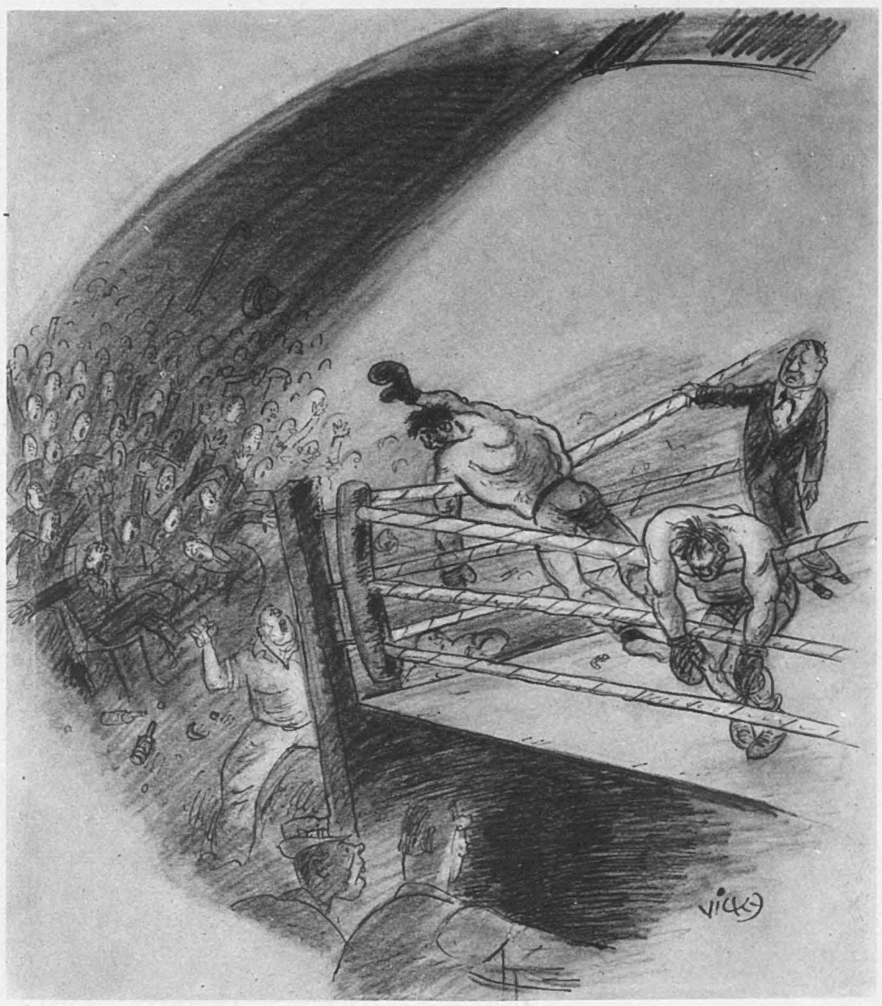
MERLE OBERON *plays Leslie, the heroine of "The Divorce of Lady X" (founded on the stage-play "Counsel's Opinion"), in the new picture produced by Alexander Korda and directed by Tim Whelan, which is filmed throughout in Technicolor. The story tells of the tangle which results from Leslie, who is held up by fog at an hotel after a fancy-dress ball, being compelled to sleep in the sitting-room of a private suite occupied by a strange man. Here she is dressed up in borrowed pyjamas, getting ready for the night. The première will be in aid of the Westminster Hospital.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

BRAINS.

BRAINS. Forgive my mentioning a matter already so familiar to you, but the subject, though sometimes painful, is of importance to us all, because it is generally agreed by scientists that without a brain, a man cannot really succeed in life. Consequently Nature, with her usual forethought, has provided each one of us with a brain—composed, however, of different ingredients: sometimes of cotton-wool, sometimes of sawdust, and, in the higher types of the species, of a substance known as Grey Matter. It is not to be supposed that the ingredients remain always the same, even in the same individual. Careful analysis has shown that a brain which on Monday may show distinct traces of Grey Matter may, on Tuesday, consist entirely of kapok, builder's gravel, or even cold porridge. Most brains behave like that, and any one of us can verify this curious phenomenon by observing his own cerebration, if any. Sometimes there is a definite cause for this remarkable metabolism (as we scientists call it)—for example, the Common Cold, so well known to us all, converts the purest Grey Matter into a kind of loam or mulch. Sometimes the change takes place for no apparent reason at all, and is probably one of those wise arrangements of Providence which are intended to Keep us in our Proper Place. A similar phenomenon, recorded by Einstein in illustration of his principle of Relativity, is that a man who goes round in eighty one day goes round in a hundred-and-ten the next day, for no discoverable reason except that Providence disapproves of persons who have at-last-mastered-the-game. The principle of deflation is not confined to the economic sphere.



"TAKE IT EASY, FOLKS!"

DRAWN BY VICKY.

Now, what and why *are* brains? The known facts are few and simple. Brains are, to begin with, situated within the cavity formed by the skull. The reason is not far to seek. The skull provides a vacuum; Nature abhors a vacuum, hence brains. Placed, then, within this convenient receptacle, the brain is divided into sections or compartments, known as lobes, which are to be carefully distinguished from the similarly-named portions of the ears. This arrangement in lobes, and indeed the whole topography of the brain, is not fully understood. It was long supposed that the brain bulged at different points with all sorts of interesting qualities, such as Reverence, Homicidal Tendencies, and Philoprogenitiveness, so that a slight protuberance behind the right ear would indicate a career of crime, whereas a similar protuberance behind the left ear would point to a beautiful character. It was found, however, that a number of people with the most sinister bumps all over their heads often became missionaries to the heathen, whereas those with the most saint-like bulges often ended up in Pentonville; and the theory is now discredited. However, even if it is not possible to divide up the brain into exact bumps, lumps and humps, it is generally agreed that somewhere among the bumps, lumps and humps there is a thing called a Mind, the function of which is to Think. It is difficult to locate this useful organ exactly, because the brain twists and wriggles about in a manner which is very puzzling to scientists; and these convolvuluses (or, as some prefer to call them, convolutions) are probably the reason why many of us find it so difficult to think straight.

The whole outfit is surrounded by an envelope called the cortex—a term carelessly and inappropriately borrowed from the timber-trade. It only remains to add that in dimension the brain varies from the size of a small melon (or large grapefruit) to that of a small pea (or large earwig's egg).

That is practically all that is known about the brain; and you will agree with me that it is really nothing much to write home about. Yet Man has always been extraordinarily conceited about his brains. From the earliest times, Homo Sapiens has shown this tendency, and it is probable that even Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon Man reflected, with the same complacency as Private Willis—

"I am an intellectual chap,
And think of things that would astonish you."

Of recent years, this intellectual snobbery has become more and more acute, because Man has invented so many ingenious machines and gadgets that he simply bursts with pride at his own cleverness. His self-satisfaction is not diminished by the trifling disadvantage that a good many of his machines are designed for his own destruction. Nor is he dashed by the fact that, although he can use his brain to understand a great many things, there is one thing which his brain has never yet succeeded in understanding—namely, itself.

I have long thought that Man needed taking down a peg or two in this matter; and I was therefore very glad to see that at the last meeting of the British Association, a learned zoologist gave it as his opinion that man is really a Poor Fish, in more senses than one. "Many of us," said this outspoken Professor, "have a natural but deep-rooted feeling that man stands alone. We are convinced that Shakespeare's plays constitute a level of mental achievement unknown to any other species of animal. Nevertheless, in all its essential parts, the brain of the fish is the same as that of man." If this means that fish are going to take to writing tragedies in blank verse, it is a perturbing thought; nor will everybody find it flattering to be likened unto a haddock or a kipper. All the same, the Professor has, in my opinion, said a mouthful, which should persuade us to regard haddocks and kippers with less *hauteur* and ourselves with less smugness than at present. Salmon, eels, and even tadpoles can do lots of things which we could not do to save our lives; and as I read my newspaper day by day, I sometimes wonder whether, if we handed over the management of affairs to (say) a school of whiting, we should really be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. I apologise to the whiting for the tactless metaphor.

THE BRISTLEWOODS.

Mr. Bristlewood watches Mrs. Bristlewood rehearsing a glamorous rôle in the cause of charity.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

WITH THE QUORN, THE HUNTING PICTURES FROM

CAPTAIN HARLEY *and* MRS. W. O. PRICHARD, *Joint-Masters of the Teme Valley, are seen at their opening meet at Gwernaffel, Knighton, the seat of Sir Robert Green-Price, Bt.*

MRS. MURRAY-SMITH *(formerly Miss Ulrica Thynne) was out with the Cottesmore when they met at Leesthorpe cross-roads.*

Left: MISS SYBIL HARKER *and her twin sister,* MRS. BEVAN, *were out when the Cottesmore met at Leesthorpe cross-roads.*

The HON. MRS. KATHLEEN STOURTON *and her sister,* MISS ENID GUNTHER *(r.), were out with the Quorn when those hounds met at Beeby.*

LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO *(r.) and her daughter,* MISS PRIMULA ROLLO, *who look about the same age, at the Cottesmore meet at Leesthorpe cross-roads.*

TEME VALLEY AND COTTESMORE: THE SHIRES AND WEST COUNTRY.

Left: MRS. GEORGE CRAWFORD *came on foot to the Cottesmore meet at Leesthorpe cross-roads.*

Left, above: SIR THOMAS AINSWORTH, BT., *and his step-daughter,* MISS HOPE-JOHNSTONE, *favoured checked tweeds when they came on foot to the Quorn meet at Beeby.*

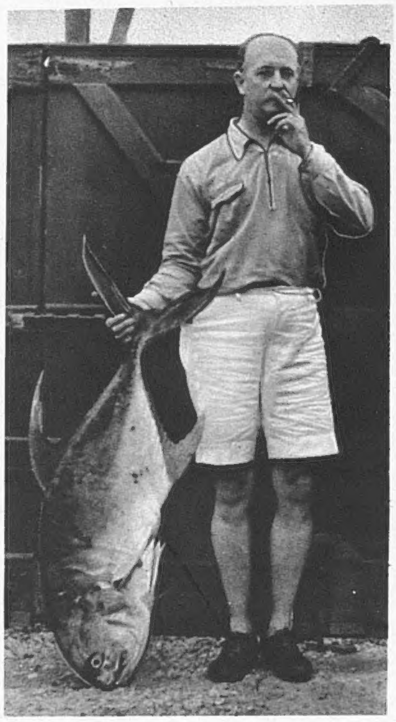
MRS. GEOFFREY BEAVAN *brought her small son,* HUGO, *to see what was going on at the Cottesmore Leesthorpe cross-roads meet.*

CAPTAIN STARLING *played horses with his children,* SARAH *and* DAVID STARLING, *when he went to the Cottesmore meet at Leesthorpe cross-roads.*

MISS VIOLET JOHNSTONE *hunted by car with the Cottesmore from Leesthorpe cross-roads and is here seen viewing operations from the window.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

ON Armistice night I turned up at the Fly Fishers' Club for the first of the winter evening entertainments. The news that Major T. T. Phelps and Sir Harold Gillies were giving a display of fishing-films had also attracted a great many other members. Those of us who attended the house dinner as a preliminary were in good humour to enjoy the films, for these informal dinners are noted for their pleasant atmosphere. For my part, I was under doctor's orders—having one on either side of me. I must confess that the wood port prescribed by Dr. Barton was a credit to the wine committee. All but one of the films were in colour, the exception being a film taken many years ago on the Test and featuring some famous fishermen and well-known river-keepers. In this film Sir Harold Gillies' dog is seen landing grayling for his master. The business-like way he plunges into the water, swims out, seizes the fish and swims back with it in his mouth, to deliver undamaged to his master, was loudly applauded. The films shown by Major Phelps were of the Laerdal River in Norway, and of salmon-fishing on this famous water. In his commentary Major Phelps referred to the strange fact that whereas to-day a 40-pounder is by no means an uncommon fish on the Laerdal, old records show that fish of this size were never caught some thirty years ago and more. The average size of the fish has also increased. Sir Harold Gillies' films, apart from the one of the Test, were of his trip to Iceland last season and in 1936. It is hard to recall the details of a lengthy film which, apart from its fishing interest, included views of Icelandic scenery and the Icelanders at work and play. An entertaining and educational film made doubly interesting by Sir Harold Gillies' amusing commentary.



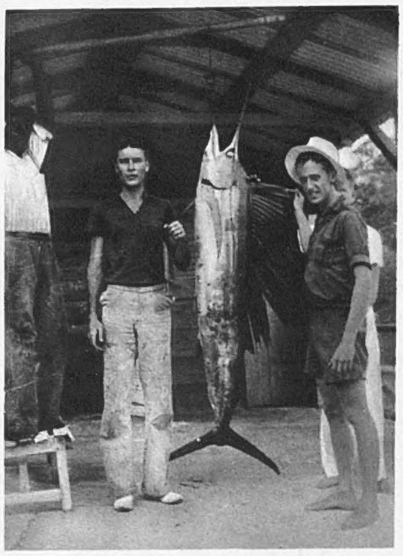
The photographs on this page illustrate THREE OF THE HEAVIEST FISH OF THEIR RESPECTIVE SPECIES *caught with fishing tackle in the Dragon's Mouth, off the British island of Trinidad, B.W.I. The* 45-LB. CAVALLI (Caranx hippos) *caught trolling by Mr. George Rochford this year in the Dragon's Mouth, Trinidad, constitutes a* WORLD RECORD. *A No. 6 Wilson spoon bait was used.*

Interval for Lunch.

Seeing my account in *The Sketch* of Mr. Sutcliffe's adventures while tunny-fishing this season, our mutual friend Mr. Fred. Taylor has written informing me that I missed the tit-bit in one of the stories. The incident to which he referred was when Mr. Sutcliffe was being pulled half-over the side of the boat as his fish dived under a Dutch vessel and the skipper called out: "Hey, mister, you lost something?" The part of the story I missed happened a little earlier. Mr. Sutcliffe had been playing the tunny for six hours and then, according to Mr. Taylor, it got so hungry that it calmly went back to a trawler and *started feeding again.* Mr. Taylor adds: "if that isn't a big enough insult to an angler, I don't know what is!"

Another Incident.

Judging by the frequency of strange, unexpected and amusing incidents reported by anglers, I shall soon be able to make a regular feature of this heading. Mr. T. A. Burton, of Norwich, is the recorder of this week's incident. He was pike-fishing in the River Bure and, as spinning baits were ignored, he rigged up a live-bait tackle from odds and ends, including the cork of a whisky bottle. Casting out, he had a run almost immediately, but when he tightened on the fish a knot slipped and the pike went off with some twenty yards of line. Mr. Burton moved downstream and resumed fishing with another makeshift tackle. He landed one fish of 5 lb. and missed a couple more. He then hooked another, which put up a hard fight against the trout rod which Mr. Burton was using. It proved to be a baby pike of 2 lb. or so, which puzzled Mr. Burton until he discovered his broken line wrapped round the pike's head and that he had been playing two fish. The second one, weighing 7½ lb., was hand-lined within reach of the gaff and did not get away this time.

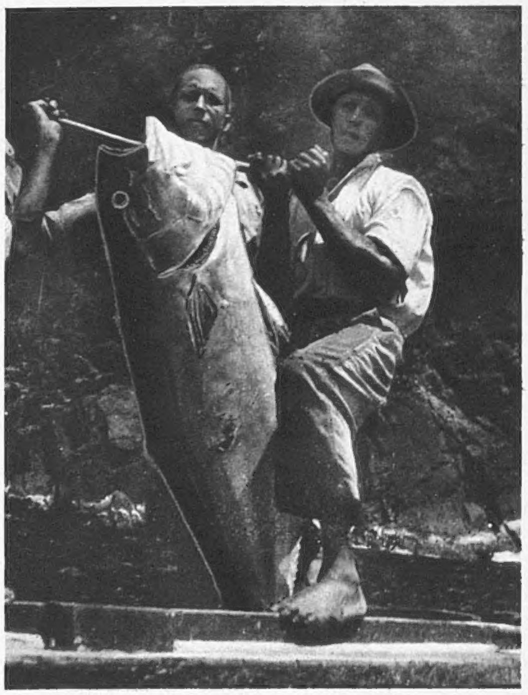


This is an 80-LB. SAIL-FISH *caught by* MR. BOTHA TENCH. *"The Dragon's Mouth waters divide the mainland of South America (Venezuela) from Trinidad and are, indeed, a veritable paradise for anglers and sportsmen after big-game fish. Chief among these are cavalli, tarpon, barracouta, king-fish, dolphin-fish, and sail-fish, the first three being caught all the year round, while the more ambitious sportsman can get all the thrills he wants in the capture of giant sharks and rays," writes Captain Alex L. Mendes, a well-known authority on fishing, who sent us these photographs.*

Autumn Salmon-Fishing.

Excepting on the Rivers Tweed and Nith, which remain open until the end of this month, the autumn salmon-fishing season in Scotland is finished. It has not been a brilliant back-end by any means, owing to the lack of water and low state of the rivers. The Deveron, for example, did not get a good spate until near the end of October, and then there was a great run of fish which, though giving good sport, were mostly returned to the river as unfit to kill. Solway rivers had a particularly disappointing back-end, only a few fish being caught and most of these during the last week of October. The Annan, which remained open until Nov. 15, gave hardly a fish during the last fortnight, much to the disappointment of many anglers from London and elsewhere who pay an annual visit to the district for the back-end fishing. The last two weeks on the Tay, which finished the season on Oct. 15, were quite good, and might have been better had not the river been low. Just over 200 fish were landed in these two weeks. Mr. Will Fyffe and his wife had the best score of 34 fish. Lady Ward had 18, and Sir John H. Ward 14, including 5 up to 16 lb. on Oct. 14, and a 35-pounder on Oct. 8. Among other anglers who did quite well were Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, Mr. Latilla, the Hon. Simon Rodney and Mrs. Simon Rodney, Mr. H. W. Whitbread and Sir Thomas L. Tancred. On Tweed, the autumn season started badly owing to low water, and it is finishing badly, to judge by recent catches. For the four weeks ending Nov. 6, the weekly catch was 29, 33, 52, and 9.

R. L. MARSTON.



Another WORLD RECORD *is illustrated in this snapshot of the* 170-LB. GREAT AMBER-JACK (Seriola lalandi), *a member of the Pompano family, which was caught with a hand-line by Mr. Jerry Gordon in August 1935 off La Pena, in the Dragon's Mouth waters, Trinidad. The previous record for this rare species of fish was 110 lb.*

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUDIO JULIETTA.

THE SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER OF H.E. THE RUMANIAN MINISTER.

MLLE. ANNA MIA DE GRIGORCEA *is the sixteen-year-old daughter of H.E. the Rumanian Minister in London and Mme. de Grigorcea. She is tall and very good-looking, and, though still at school, has a thoroughly grown-up air. She is a very fine horsewoman and is keen on all sports.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

R.A.F. MIDDLE EAST DINNER.

The ROYAL AIR FORCE (MIDDLE EAST) DINNER CLUB *held its fifteenth annual dinner recently. It was started the year after the Armistice, with the object of holding a gathering of officers of the R.F.C., the R.N.A.S., and the R.A.F. who served in the Middle East from August 1914 to January 1919. Those who served in Iraq to, and including, 1923 are also eligible. It is usually held in June on or about the eve of Derby Day, and at the R.A.F. Club. The chairman was Air Vice-Marshal A. E. Borton, who commanded the Air Arm in Palestine during Lord Allenby's advance. The Sheik Hafiz Wahba is Minister of Saudi Arabia, and a frequent guest.*

THE OLDFIELDS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

MR. PETER OLDFIELD *and his wife,* LADY ELIZABETH OLDFIELD, *younger daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, V.C., and the Countess of Dunmore, are seen at Abbots Grange, Abbots Langley, King's Langley, with Oui Oui, one of Mr. Oldfield's yearlings, who is having a little light refreshment.*

Here LADY ELIZABETH OLDFIELD, *who is a bride of the year, is posed in her London house, in George Street, W.1.*

Victor, the retriever, is an important member of the Oldfield household. He is here being instructed by Lady Elizabeth to face the camera with a smile.

LADY ELIZABETH OLDFIELD *and Victor are on the balcony of their London home. Victor is looking towards the Park with a certain amount of expectation.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

"THE CHEQUER BOARD OF NIGHTS AND DAYS."

By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY.

JUST about a hundred years ago, I suppose that quite a part of a woman's day must have been taken up by the engineering of an appropriate and graceful faint or a harrowing fit of the "vapours." It was all part of the technique of charm, and I've no doubt that our great-grandmothers had a good bit of fun out of it, one way and another; but women to-day have so much more to do with their leisure—in fact, most of them no longer have any leisure with the number of fresh interests open to them.

The Modern Meaning of Charm is to be Interesting.

And that usually means doing something which is interesting. I met Hermione Baddeley this week. I hadn't seen her since the summer, and I gasped and accused her of having made a discovery in slimming. And whilst admitting that she has left off bread and potatoes, she was almost indignant at the suggestion. "It's work!" she said.

She has gone "all out" for television, which she thinks is much more difficult than stage and screen work, and is apt to break down the most experienced artists and overcome them with terror-stricken self-consciousness. It doesn't dawn on most people, when they think of television at all, that it must be a terrific ordeal to go through a whole performance with monster cameras on all sides, taking every angle, in the heat of full studio-lighting. And with the knowledge that a mistake is irretrievable. But Hermione Baddeley is full of enthusiasm. She believes in a big future for television, and for herself that she must achieve the necessary new technique for it when it arrives. That does make sense, for there is, after all, nothing like being one of the first in a new field.

In between rehearsals and televising itself, and getting her teeth into a new play for "try-out" after Christmas, she has been sitting for one of Lady Poulett's pencil portraits. Lady Poulett—Oriel Ross as was and still is, on the stage—is now going to "arrive" in the art world, unless I'm very much mistaken. It's all rather like a fairy story, and backs up the argument that children should be allowed to develop the talent they sense that they possess.

Some Fairy-Tales Come True.

She always wanted to study art, and though she adored the theatre, she was miserable when things didn't work out that way; so all the time she went on drawing, just to amuse herself. Then, when she went to America, an enterprising newspaper took a sketch of Beatrice Lillie from her portfolio and paid her fifteen dollars for it. She was more than surprised, but not half as much as when, shortly afterwards, the Manchester Art Gallery bought a drawing of Baron d'Erlanger! The next thing was that, even while she was protesting that she had never had a drawing lesson and it was all quite absurd, she found that her drawings were selling, and that it was high time she had an exhibition of them.

She's clever at interior decoration, too. Her drawing-room is as lovely a room as you could find. Streamlined white and as modern as modern, it has just rich black square-armed chairs and a deep settee to match, with a carpet which is so vivid a red that it is almost cerise. It makes a marvellous background for a vivid personality. Mention of a woman's background makes me think about clothes and there's something simmering in my mind.

MISS NOEL EADIE, *one of the most popular of British sopranos, will be heard in "Rigoletto" in the forthcoming fortnight's season of opera in English at Covent Garden.*

MISS LISA PERLI *will sing Mimi, a rôle in which she has a great success, in "La Bohème," during the forthcoming fortnight of grand opera in English at Covent Garden. This is the one production which is to be sung in Italian. "La Bohème" will open the season on Monday, November 29. Miss Perli is also to sing in "Tales of Hoffmann."*

Just a Hat Hint.

With rapt attention we all watch H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and adore her *chic*. Last week she wore a low-crowned hat with a little brim which was tilted slightly to one side. It would be too, too awful to buy a new hat with the high crown or halo which seems universal just now, and then find next week it's a thing of the sad past, and is looking rather silly.

And it was at the Ritz that I found Miss Ruth Chatterton, with only a very little turn-up to her crownless hat. She was wearing the most divine collar to her black coat, and, believe it or not, it wasn't the inevitable silver fox. It had been white fox, but tinted delicately to the faintest grey, with smoky smudges. More than becoming, and oh, so different! We all of us in England know Miss Chatterton on screen or stage, but in America she is famous as an airwoman, too. She told me that she misses her "ship" here, but is hoping to find time after her new film at Pinewood to try out English air.

Yodelling and Cocktails.

The cocktail-party of the week was given by Lady Jean Mackintosh in a private room at the Trianon. Disaster was almost looming over it, for Captain "Chris" Mackintosh, hurrying back from Switzerland, found that he could get no further than Paris, so booked-up was all travelling accommodation. However, he did return in time to welcome his hundred or more guests and discuss the question of this winter's ski-ing. And I think it must have been the first private party at which there has ever been real Swiss yodelling—by—I don't quite know how to put it: "done" doesn't seem right, nor "sung"—anyway, yodelled by Frau Frey-Bernhardsgrutter.

Chicken—with a Difference.

And this is the best thing to eat I've had this week. It was introduced to me by Major Walter Creighton, who lives in an adorable, wee house which was once part of Henry VIII.'s Palace at Richmond. It is a chicken in a casserole, jointed and simmered in milk, to which has been added a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce and two shallots or a sliced onion. Just before serving, a little cream is added to thicken, and the chicken, you'd swear, had been cooked in wine.

If it were me, and it was for a party, I'd drop in oysters with the cream at the last minute, the way they make oyster stew in Canada. Which is a little like the same recipe. Half-a-dozen oysters to each person dropped into boiling milk with a dash of tomato ketchup, then water biscuits crushed over. Try it, and I promise you you won't feel the cold.

MISS RUTH NAYLOR, *the English soprano, is one of the artists who will be heard in the fortnight's season of grand opera in English which opens at Covent Garden on Monday, November 29. She will sing in "La Bohème," the only opera to be given in Italian, and in "The Tales of Hoffmann."*

"ERNEST THESIGER, ESQ.," by ALEXANDER CHRISTIE, *is one of the portraits of well-known people in the 46th show of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. Mr. Thesiger is the actor and artist.*

"FIDDES WATT, ESQ., R.P., R.S.A.," by STANLEY GRIMM, R.P., *is a striking portrait of one of our best-known portrait painters, looking very braw and Scottish.*

"ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD CHATFIELD, G.C.B.," by R. G. EVES, R.P., A.R.A., *is a fine portrait of a distinguished sailor. Lord Chatfield was raised to the peerage this year.*

"THE POET LAUREATE," by SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A., R.S.A., R.H.A., *is a delightfully unconventional portrait of* MR. JOHN MASEFIELD, O.M., *who has held the post of Poet Laureate since 1930.*

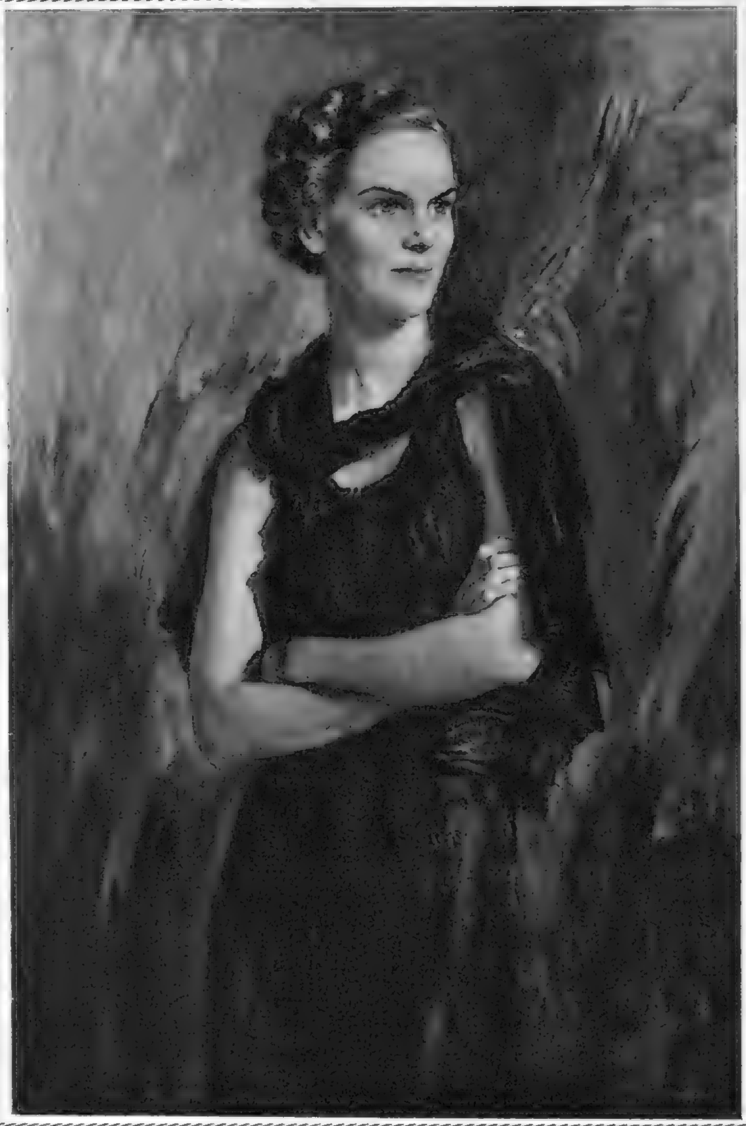
PERSONALITY REVIEW IN PORTRAITURE.

FROM THE PICTURES EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED FOR THE ARTISTS OR OWNERS.)

" MRS. JOSEPH A. MACKLE," *by* FRANK O. SALISBURY, R.P., LL.D., R.I., *is one of the portraits on view at the 46th annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the R.I. Galleries. It is a study in scarlet and white.*

" MISS DIANA DICKINSON, MISS LILIAN PITCHFORD AND MISS MARY GORDON-COUTTS SUN-BATHING AT PALM SPRINGS," *by* SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A., R.S.A., R.H.A., *President of the R.P.*

" VISCOUNTESS CASTLEROSSE," *by* SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A., R.S.A., R.H.A., *is a delightful example of the art of the President of the R.P.*



" MRS. D. L. SPENCER-NAIRN," *by* I. M. COHEN, R.P., R.O.I. *Mrs. Spencer-Nairn is the wife of Mr. David L. Spencer-Nairn, eldest son of Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn, Bt.*

MODERN GIRLHOOD AND BEAUTY AS ARTISTS SEE THEM:

FROM THE PICTURES EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

"THE OPEN WINDOW," *by* W. B. E. RANKEN, R.P., R.I., *is an original portrait-group on view.*

"THE LADY MOIRA COMBE," *by* JOHN A. M. HAY, R.P., *is a "full-dress" portrait of a well-known figure in society. Lady Moira is the elder daughter of the late Earl of Clonmell.*

"MAXINE," *by* OSWALD BIRLEY, R.P., *is a charming example of the art of this well-known artist.*

"MISS DIANA ORLEBAR," *by* ALEXANDER CHRISTIE, *is a very attractive portrait of a young girl.*

AN OCTET FROM THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

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TALES WITH A STING.

"SHE KISSED MY HAND"

By VIOLET QUIRK.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

STEFFI NOVIKOFF stretched as she woke. She blinked her eyes and yawned hugely, showing small, strong, perfectly even teeth. She shouted "Maria," and her maid, a middle-aged woman with a large, brown, wrinkled face, light-brown eyes, grey frizzy hair and powerful hands, came into the room. In a voice of surprising softness she said. "So! Awake?"

"I slept well," said Steffi voluptuously. When she spoke English, her broken accent gave it a quaint charm, but when she used her own language it was as rough as her maid's.

She was the ninth daughter of poor Czechoslovakian peasants who, going into service at fifteen, had caught the eye of her master's friend. He had put her in the chorus of one of his shows. From then on she had travelled rapidly, and she had too little imagination to be surprised. She had very little voice, was a poor dancer, and she couldn't act. It was the richness of her type that stimulated the people of big cities, who for generations had been over-refined. They were attracted to her, and didn't ask why.

She who would once have been content to marry a farm labourer was now richer than she had ever dreamt anyone could be. Men who were far above her were proud to take her out to dine; she had a gross appetite. If at times she would have liked the noisy joys of her own class she never said so. She must have known she wasn't gifted. Managers never put her near a really good singer or dancer. Yet, with her small voice and untrained movements, she soared higher than the accomplished ones.

Her thick white skin, which never browned or reddened or freckled in the hottest sun, gave her a magnolia pallor. Her eyes were always half-closed, either because she was mentally lazy, or because they were made that way. But they caused her to look inscrutable. They drowsed over her high cheek-bones, fringed with long, black lashes. Men longed to make those eyes open fully that they might know what was hidden in them. They suggested unknown delights.

Now she sat on the edge of her bed and yawned again without covering her mouth. She noisily enjoyed her yawn. She enjoyed the slightest physical process. Maria slipped mules on her feet and proceeded to dress her, for though she had a magnificent bathroom she couldn't get over her distrust of baths, and limited herself to one weekly, when she took enormous precautions against catching cold afterwards. Even when she had finished dressing she wasn't fully dressed. She never dressed completely unless she was going out or receiving visitors. She was happy at present because her toe-nails were newly rouged, and she wriggled them about, admiring them.

Her chocolate was brought in, and she drank it fiercely, as though she had been dying of thirst. When she had finished, there was a rim of chocolate round her mouth. She wiped it away with the back of her arm, then licked the marks she had made. She didn't bother with table manners at home.

Maria came in, looking annoyed. "There's a woman here," she said. She never said "Madam," and Steffi didn't expect it. "There's a woman here who wants to see you. I said you won't see her, but still she stays."

"Get rid of her," said Steffi roughly.

"She cries. She says she will die by the door, but she won't go away."

Steffi opened her eyes a little while she awaited a thought. She was curious. "Show her in," she said.

The visitor was about forty-seven, plainly, almost dowdily, dressed in black of three- or four-years-old fashion. Her compact hat was set squarely on her head, as though she had put it on without looking in a mirror. Her straight grey hair was painfully neat. She had a leather handbag which she held tightly by its old-fashioned handle, and black suède gloves, darned in places.

Steffi smiled. Her admirers loved her smile. It was so drowsy, so inviting, so full of caresses. But the visitor met it stonily and without a word.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Steffi lazily, and when her white satin wrap fell from her shoulders, she made no attempt to put it back. She had long ago lost her peasant modesty.

"I want my husband," said the woman.

Steffi drew back infinitesimally. Nothing like this had happened before. She had never worried about wives. She had somehow believed that rich women couldn't suffer. Wifehood to her meant work and sacrifice. So how could idle women be really wives? How could mothers with nurses be really mothers when they didn't lose sleep over their children? But now this woman was asking for her husband.

"I don't know what you mean," said Steffi uneasily.

"You know my husband," said the woman, her stern lips trembling. "He's given you jewels, and I can't pay my household bills. My children's school-fees are unpaid. But he can spend money on you. You! You! You have debased him. He was a good father till he met you."

"Stop!" said Steffi hoarsely.

But the woman seemed unable to stop. Her voice rose to an hysterical note. She kept twisting her black-gloved hand in her lap. Her drawn face twitched and quivered.

"You have enough," she said, looking round the gorgeous room. "Yet you are taking from me my very life. What of my children? What of their future, when our money is being spent on you? You have turned him from me. I have used up my youth and beauty bearing his children, rearing them, worrying over them. And you!"

Steffi tried to think rapidly. Which one was she talking about? In every city she visited men gave her jewels. Even strangers sent them. This woman was about forty-seven. Then the man must be fifty or over. Ah, she had it. It was that infatuated, boring fellow who followed her about and hadn't a word to say. He looked exactly like a business man with a lot of children. But he had only given her the emerald brooch and the diamond ear-rings. Yet he had ruined his family to do it.

In a flash her mind went back to her hard childhood. She had known many women then who looked like this one, haggard, anxious, worn, distracted. They married young, and were old so soon, looking after the children, scrubbing, cooking, washing clothes, mending, knitting, and working in the fields as well while their husbands did fieldwork only and looked so much younger, storing their masculine strength. Even then she had felt the injustice of it, had taken the side of the women. If a man was kind and easy-going he was lazy and wouldn't earn enough. If he worked hard he bullied his family, was quick to lift his hand, and got drunk in the tavern on Saturday nights. Steffi had listened to wives and mothers talking together. Nearly always they were the victims of men. How often she had trembled beside her mother when her father came home drunk! She had been a good girl then, with good ambitions. Yes, she had been a good girl till her master's friend had looked at her, and from that day she had lived for men, the enemies of good women.

"The dog," she cried, starting up and looking piteously at her visitor, who was weeping. "He kept you short, did he, the dirty swine? Let him come near me again, and I'll tear his eyes out."

She pulled open a drawer and found the brooch and earrings. But they weren't enough. She took her sapphires and pearls and jade and poured them into the woman's lap. Tears were running down her face.

"How was I to know?" she asked humbly, as though entreating for forgiveness. "How was I to know he couldn't afford it? I never thought he had a wife like you."

The generations of toiling women behind her arose and stood sternly, arraigning selfish man.

"He'll never come near me again," she vowed. She stripped the rings off her fingers and forced them on the woman, who protested vehemently, but Steffi wouldn't take them back. Then the woman took her hand and kissed it reverently, whereupon Steffi fell back in her chair, half-fainting, and closed her eyes.

Outside the house, the woman walked with surprising lightness down the road and round the corner, where a man was awaiting her, standing beside a small black car. He drew her in swiftly, saying: "Well?"

"Look what I've got," said the woman.

The man whistled with astonishment. "And you've been so quick!"

"She didn't even ask me who he was. She's such a big soft fool, all white flesh and no brains."

[Continued on page 392.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

FRED ASTAIRE, GRACIE ALLEN, and GEORGE BURNS — For Giving Us an Elongated Laugh with the Aid of Goofy Mirrors.

" Sketch " readers will be pretty bright if at first glance they can recognise three stage and screen favourites in the elongated creatures facing the camera! To quote the description which reached us with this photograph: " No, don't jump. You're seeing Fred Astaire, Gracie Allen, and George Burns as they appear while doing a hilarious routine in front of some goofy mirrors in the fun-house sequence for Radio's ' A Damsel in Distress,' their new starring vehicle."

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

At the Savoy Theatre for the Grand Gala Matinée of Ballet in aid of the Children's Clinic were (l. to r.) the HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL, *the* HON. LYDIA YARDE-BULLER, *and the* COUNTESS OF CADOGAN. *Miss Bethell and Miss Yarde-Buller were button-hole-sellers for the good cause.*

THE Buckingham Palace Ball was, of course, "the top" of social doings last week. All those honoured by invitations agreed that, although as a spectacle the lack of uniforms rendered it less dazzling and superlatively grand than the Court Balls of Coronation time, it was the most enjoyable dance ever held in the famous ballroom. There was comparatively little formality about the proceedings, although, of course, their Majesties entered and left in the usual State procession. After the ball had been opened by the Queen and King Leopold and the King and the Princess Royal, dancing almost immediately became general, and the guests danced shoulder to shoulder with the royal host and hostess and members of their family. The ball started much later than usual, owing to the State dinner at the Belgian Embassy.

The excellence of the dance band added to the pleasure of the evening, and it was a delight to see how much their Majesties enjoyed the dancing; while, of course, the Dukes of Gloucester and Kent, the King of the Belgians, and the younger members of the royal circle all took the floor continuously. Queen Mary, who looked superb, watched the proceedings from the royal daïs, and conversed with those guests who had the honour to be summoned to her side.

LADY ANNE GATHORNE-HARDY, *only sister of the fourth Earl of Cranbrook, has just become engaged to marry* MR. G. HEYWOOD HILL, *for whom she worked in a book-shop in the heart of Mayfair. So she is "marrying her boss."*

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The Queen's dress was one of the most picturesque in which she has ever appeared, of glittering silver, cut with the Victorian off-the-shoulders line, and made with a pannier-ed effect on the skirt. Among the younger members of the royal circle, the Duchess of Beaufort was greatly admired in her dress of pale blue, which suits her wonderful fair colouring so well. The Duchess of Norfolk looked enchantingly young and fair in white satin, with a big diamond tiara; the Duchess of Northumberland was in silver, with her all-round diamond tiara, and her elder daughter, Lady Elizabeth Percy, soon to marry Lord Clydesdale, wore gold. The Duchess of Marlborough was one of the most striking figures present, as she was all in black—black gloves even—and glittering with diamonds. Lady Londonderry was in a dark-coloured dress too—of deep magenta-purple, to go with her celebrated amethysts, which I always feel must be the largest in the world.

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Husbands rarely come to help their wives at a charity bazaar, but last week a royal Duke did this: for his Royal Highness of Kent turned up at the Royal School of Art Needlework Christmas Sale at Sir Philip Sassoon's house, and obviously enjoyed assisting the Duchess with her goods. They were nearly all pink things, but included no lingerie. Most of them were quilted cushions in rose velvet and satin, bedspreads to match, lace cushions, and covered boxes and little tea-coats, all in shades of pink. This year the stalls were arranged in more or less individual colours. Princess Helena Victoria, Lady Weigall, and Lady Howe, for instance, had "off-white" and grey goods; Lady Violet Benson presided over an all-pale-blue and silver stock; and so on.

The Queen and Queen Mary enjoyed their visit very much; stayed a long time; had tea with Sir Philip Sassoon and Lady Cholmondeley, and made numerous purchases, including the admirable sampler Lady Smith-Dorrien had had made for the King, and which was after the style of that produced to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of his late Majesty and Queen Mary.

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Queen Victoria Eugénie was delighted with the exhibition, and ordered a number of things which she said were all "lovely and real articles-*de-luxe*." Personally, I much admired the tailored dressing-gowns of ribbed white silk (actually a furnishing material) which Lady Smith-Dorrien showed me. Lady Stanley had that model in about a dozen different colours, as it just suits her severely *chic* style of dressing. Embroidered shoes are now a Royal School of Art speciality, and I liked the black velvet ones, stitched with gold, made for Lady Diana Cooper.

MR. *and the* HON. MRS. DUDLEY DE LEVINGNE *enjoyed an Indian summer at St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight, on their honeymoon. They are leaving this week for Hollywood, to stay with Mr. Charles Chaplin. The bride is Lord Greenwood's elder daughter, Angela. Mr. de Levingne is Lady Castlerosse's brother.*

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Gluck has a very distinguished way with her in paint. Private viewers at her show at the Fine Arts were unanimous over this, and agreed with Sir Wilfrid Greene's foreword to her catalogue, in which he praises her "inherent simplicity and a certain classic quality both in conception and execution." The gallery has been panelled in oak, unvarnished and unpainted, and from this the pictures are "stepped out" in frames of the same wood in Gluck's own way. The result is tranquil and attractive. A big "Nature Morte" is so delicate in its design of flowers and fronds that it suggests a water-colour; portraits of Lady Mount Temple, Stephen Haggard, and Susan Ertz are all fine ones, but I liked the small, intimate landscapes as well as anything. "The Glory of Mud" is a good thing, painted when the tide was out and the sun was giving the mud a luminous glow.

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Sunday afternoon concert-goers had Prokofieff, Liszt, Respighi, and Brahms to listen to at Covent Garden the other day, and in spite of the frosty brilliance of the weather, a big audience assembled to hear Albert Coates conduct this interesting programme. Julian Karolyi was the soloist for the Liszt concerto; he played with ease and brilliance, though

The marriage of PRINCE LUDWIG VON HESSEN UND BEI RHEIN, *only surviving son of the late Grand Duke of Hesse, and* MISS MARGARET GEDDES, *daughter of Sir Auckland Geddes, took place very quietly last week at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The Duke and Duchess of Kent were present, with a few close relations and friends.*

some people thought that he lacked the spaciousness and weight which this composition demands; and we had lovely performances of Respighi's symphonic poem, "The Fountains of Rome," and the Brahms No. 4. Lady Arthur Browne, most regular of all Covent Garden habitués, was in the stalls circle with Mrs. Balfour, the former Iris Fitzgeorge, who is an excellent musician, and I saw Lord and Lady Derwent and Lady Blois, with her daughter Flavia, who has been studying art in London and has a portrait of a young man in a pink wool sweater in the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Show.

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In spite of the grim weather on the Portrait Painters' Private View day, the R.I. galleries were packed. The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks caused a tremendous stir, and a good many visitors gazed at them as closely as they did at the pictures. She wore a mink coat and a curious little twisted cap of black georgette. They arrived with Lady Plunket, Miss Fanny Ward, and Lady Smiley. Lady Stavordale and her husband and Countess Paul Munster were other notable visitors, the first-named looking specially smart in a dark-red velvet suit (a nice change from the eternal black) with a velvet cap with a long tassel of blue fringe. Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, in a black fur belted coat and a black felt hat enlivened with periwinkle-blue chiffon tied round and hanging down at the back, was going round with her mother, Lady Dunmore. Lady Marguerite Strickland and her husband were morning visitors, she in brown curled lamb with a curiously shaped fur cap of the very latest fashion.

Last week the Ladies' Carlton Club had a grand opening of their new squash courts by Lord Aberdare. This scene shows the St. George's cocktail bar, and MME. JEANNERAT (left) with MRS. F. M. STRAWSON, who played the first game. On the right is GERTRUDE LADY WORTHINGTON-EVANS.

After the opening of the new squash courts at the Ladies' Carlton Club, a display of diving and swimming was given in the newly-decorated swimming-bath. The quartette about to make the plunge are (l. to r.) LADY (LAMBERT) WARD, MISS WORTHINGTON-EVANS, MISS DIANA WARD, *and* LADY ROSS.

The pictures which drew the biggest crowds included Lavery's unfinished portrait of Ramsay MacDonald, and the striking portraits by Cathleen Mann (Lady Queensberry). I liked Doris Zinkeisen's colour scheme of black and sulphur yellow, with one note of puce provided by the scarf on the sitter's lap, in her portrait of Mrs. Sanders Watney; and Oswald Birley's portrait of his niece by marriage, Lady Ronaldshay, is first-rate. Lady Ronaldshay's mother, Olive Snell (Mrs. Pike), is represented by an oil painting of Lord Ronaldshay, which is exhibited under the name of Olive Pike, not that of Olive Snell.

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Princess Edmond de Polignac's musical party represented perfection in entertaining. Lady Ravensdale's fine drawing-room (she had lent her house for the evening) was filled with guests, but was not overcrowded; so we could listen in comfort to the programme of part-songs and solos by Mlle. Nadia Boulanger's singers under the direction of this distinguished musician. They gave works by Gounod, Dowland, Fauré and Purcell, and finished with a faultless performance of Brahms' "Liebeslieder," with Clifford Curzon at the piano. Comtesse Jean de Polignac, niece by marriage of the hostess, was one of the singers and has a voice of incomparable purity and sweetness. She also looked exceptionally attractive in a pale-blue dress draped high at the neck. It is difficult to particularise among singers of such high quality, but M. Doda Conrad's rendering of the Bach solo "Seligster Erquikkungstag" was one of the high lights of the evening.

Princesse Edmond de Polignac, who is a leading figure in Parisian musical circles, is largely responsible for bringing that fine musician Mlle. Boulanger before the public, and, indeed, it was through her that last year she came to London with her choir for the first time.

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Royalty, in the persons of T.R.H. Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise, honoured Princesse de Polignac by their presence and the guests included all the music-conscious celebrities of London. Lady Cunard was present, of course, and I saw Princess Elizabeth Bibesco and her brother, Mr. Anthony Asquith, Sir Horace and Lady Rumbold, Lord and Lady Derwent — she in bright blue—with one of the new hanging veils and a little bunch of flowers in her hair—Baroness d'Erlanger, Sir "Eddy" Marsh, the Kenneth Clarks, and Sir Reginald and Lady Leeds, the last-named looking very *chic* and much stronger.

The engagement is announced of MR. RONALD A. ORR-EWING, *the Scots Guards, son of Brig.-Gen. Sir Norman and Lady Orr-Ewing, of Cardross, Port of Menteith, Perthshire, and* MISS MARION CAMERON, *daughter of Sir Donald Cameron of Lochiel and Lady Hermione Cameron. Miss Cameron is a niece of the Duke of Montrose.*

Last week's new R.A. *was* MR. GERALD L. BROCKHURST, *the fine brushwork of whose portraits—rather in the manner of the Umbrian school of Italian painters—is familiar to readers of "The Sketch." He limits his portraits to about twenty a year, and thus does not confine himself to that branch of art. He was elected* A.R.A. *in 1928. He is seen at work upon a painting of Miss Joan Barry, the actress.*

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Musical events of the week included the B.B.C. Casals evening, with two hours of Mozart and one of Tovey. Many of the concert-goers went on to sup with Adila Fachiri and her sister, Jelly d'Aranyi, at the Fachiris' house, and meet Pau Casals. The guests included Princess Antoine Bibesco, with a chenille spotted evening veil, Mr. Anthony Asquith, and other music-lovers.

Then there was the Royal Philharmonic concert conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, at which the first performance in England of the Rachmaninoff Symphony in A minor was the *clou* of the evening. Sir Thomas Beecham was in tremendous form and conducted with that vigour and brilliance which characterise our famous musician. Elgar's "Introduction and Allegro" was, to my mind, the loveliest item in the programme, which also included Delius's "Hereford" "Dance Rhapsody" and Haydn's B flat Symphony No. 102. MARIEGOLD.

SEEING THEMSELVES AND OTHERS AT THE R.I.

The EARL OF DARNLEY *and* MISS ROSEMARY POTTER *are shown looking at the exhibits.*

MRS. JOSEPH MACKLE *is here looking at Frank A. Salisbury's portrait of her.*

Left: The HON. PAMELA STANLEY *came to see her portrait in the rôle of Queen Victoria in "Victoria Regina," painted by Frank Slater.*

MISS DIANA DICKINSON *(granddaughter of Sir John Lavery, R.A., President of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters) and* MRS. J. SHANNON *came to the private view of the Society's show at the R.I. Miss Dickinson is shown sunbathing in a picture by Lavery. This is reproduced elsewhere.*

This group consists of MRS. NICHOLAS EMBIRICOS, MRS. JOHN HERRIDON, *and* MRS. TOBY WADDINGTON. *Cathleen Mann (the Marchioness of Queensberry) is showing a portrait of Mrs. Embiricos.*

LADY STAVORDALE *and her sister,* COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER, *came together to the privat² view. Lady Stavordale's round hat and drooping fringe were most becoming.*

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY PERSONALITIES (PRESS SERVICE).

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND THE PAINTED THRONE OF ENGLAND.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT and MISS EDITH E. CLEMENTS, the Chairman, were photographed in direct colour at the "Women of 1937" Exhibition at the American Women's Club. In the background is seen a reconstruction of the original Throne of England, in which the Duchess was very much interested. The painting on the back has disappeared, but Miss Clements built it up from MSS. and descriptions, showing it as it appeared on the Throne.

"THAT'S 'IM!"

First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff, ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORD CHATFIELD. Was Flag Captain to Beatty from 1913-19, and became "top of the Navy" this year.

CARICATURE BY ERNEST FORBES.

'CHASING IN THE COLD BLAST AT CHELTENHAM.

Right: MISS GREENWELL *(left)* and MRS. HOLMES *found the brazier of glowing coals grateful and comforting.*

It was a chilly business watching the sport at the Cheltenham November meeting, but MISS SHAUNE STEWART, MISS ROSAMUND BROUGHTON *(daughter of Sir " Jock " Delves-Broughton), and the* HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL *looked happy when photographed.*

Right: MISS KINGSCOTE'S *peaked cap was very much admired at Cheltenham races.*

MISS I. M. DENT *wore a pointed cap, like that of a gnome, fastened under her chin with a strap.*

The COUNTESS OF NORMANTON *wore a cap modelled on a Hussar's head-dress, complete with plume.*

LADY MOON *was hatless, but she wore a cosy fur coat and nice fur-lined boots.*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY HUNTER TRIALS.

LADY MARY ROSE FITZROY, *younger daughter of Viscountess Ipswich, brought her greyhound Rhett Butler (named after the hero of "Gone With the Wind") to the Oxford University Draghounds Hunter and Hound Trials at Middleton Stoney, near Bicester. Rhett sheltered from the wind under her coat.*

MISS MONICA OSBORNE, MR. JACK PROFUMO, MISS M. PROFUMO, *and* MISS JEAN KIRKPATRICK *(l. to r.) perched on some timber to view the start of the Hunter Trials.*

This group consists of MISS P. STUBBS, MRS. JOHN GLYN, MR. ARTHUR BUDGETT, MR. JOHN RUCK-KEENE, *and* MISS ROLY RUCK-KEENE *(l. to r.). The Clumber spaniel is Sandringham Susan.*

The HON. MRS. ALLHUSEN, *formerly the Hon. Claudia Betterton, wore a scarf tied over her head. She is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Rushcliffe.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPEAIGHT.

AN ETONIAN ROYAL GUEST AND HOST IN LONDON.

H.M. THE KING OF THE BELGIANS *was the guest of T.M. the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace during his State visit, and the Buckingham Palace banquet and ball and the Foreign Office dinner were events in his honour. But he was host as well as guest to the King and Queen, for, on November 17, before the Court ball, he entertained their Majesties, Queen Mary, and other members of the Royal Family, at dinner at the Belgian Embassy. King Leopold is here shown in his khaki uniform as Commander-in-Chief of the Belgian Army which he wore when he paid his State visit to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London.*

LADY IRENE HAIG, *youngest daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig (whose equestrian statue has been so much discussed), wore this graceful white satin dress embroidered with silver stars at the Buckingham Palace Court Ball.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

T.M. *the* KING *and* QU
Embassy as guests of H.
Buckingham Palace Ball.
pictur

The PRIME MINISTER *an*
LAIN *were among the gu*
H.M. King Leopold befor
Chamberlain's dress wa

T.R.H. *the* DUKE *and* DU
Buckingham Palace Ban
King of the Belgians bef
did not attend t

BUCKINGHAM PALACE COURT BALL AND BANQUET DRES

EEN dined at the Belgian
M. King Leopold before the
The Queen wore a silver
e dress.

MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBER-
ts entertained at dinner by
he Court Ball. Mrs. Neville
of blue and silver lamé.

HESS OF KENT attended the
uet. They dined with the
e the Ball, but the Duchess
e latter function.

VISCOUNTESS HARCOURT, *wife of the second Viscount Harcourt, and daughter of the late Lord Ebury, wore this beautiful dress at the Buckingham Palace Court Ball in honour of the King of the Belgians. The graceful design of her tiara should be noted.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY FAYER OF VIENNA.

ES: THE KING AND QUEEN AND SOME OF THEIR GUESTS.

BACK - SCREEN INTRIGUE WITH LESLIE HOWARD AND JOAN BLONDELL.

Right : " STAND-IN," *the new Walter Wanger production due at the Tivoli on November 29, is an amusing and exciting drama of back-screen intrigue. Atterbury Dodd* (LESLIE HOWARD) *is here getting the hang of film-making procedure.*

Atterbury Dodd (LESLIE HOWARD) *gets acquainted with Lester Plum* (JOAN BLONDELL), *the stand-in for the dishonest star, Thelma Cherie.*

Atterbury Dodd (LESLIE HOWARD) *listens to a discussion between Quintain* (HUMPHREY BOGART), *the film-making genius who goes on the drink, and Thelma Cherie* (MARLA SHELTON).

" STAND-IN " is based on a story by Clarence Budington Kelland, and is an entertaining yarn showing how Atterbury Dodd, the [*Continued opposite.*

Right : Quintain (HUMPHREY BOGART) *and his dog have been ejected from a café because Quintain is drunk. He expresses his resentment in the manner illustrated.*

Continued.]
New York bank representative, attempts to straighten out the finances of the Colossal Film Company which his firm has acquired. Life behind the screen and many intrigues of the studio are cleverly presented ; and the struggle between the honest folk and the blackguard ends, of course, in a victory for virtue,

BEAVER-ED GARBO.

GRETA GARBO, *here posed in a particularly becoming specimen of the nineteenth-century beaver "topper," is smiling happily after the completion of her twenty-second Hollywood starring picture, M.-G.-M.'s "Conquest." In this production, directed by Clarence Brown, Miss Garbo plays the part of the famous Marie Walewska, the mistress of Napoleon. At first, Walewska yielded to Napoleon in order to help her country, Poland; but she grew to love the Emperor, and, indeed, her association with him became the great romance of her life.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOUSTON-ROGERS.

WEARING HER HEART ON HER LEG.

MISS MARY LAWSON, *who plays Pomona in* "GOING GREEK," *at the Gaiety, is having a big success in this rôle. Here she is disclosing the fact that she wears her heart on her leg—in the form of a tattooed portrait of her childhood's sweetheart, Leander, a part played by Roy Royston.*

RHAPSODY IN GREEN.

This fine picture is borrowed from John Everard's "Living Colour," which George Routledge's has published. The book is a series of beautiful colour photographs akin to this, many taken in the open air and suggestive of the figures on a Greek vase. It is a great artistic achievement—a triumph for the Dufay Colour process, and a lesson to the amateur photographer in colour, as in each case Mr. Everard gives details of lighting, exposure, and so on.

FAMOUS FORTS

WARWICK CASTLE
was first built in the early days of the Norman Conquest, but is mainly of 14th & 15th Century origin. The first owner Henry De New Burgh was made First Earl of Warwick by William Rufus.

Like those strongholds which grew up all over these islands after the coming of William the Conqueror, Dunlop Fort Tyres are built today for sure defence. They safeguard the motorist and ensure his comfort. They are built for time-defying service and all-round performance.

DUNLOP Fort TYRES

C.F.H.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MERLYN SEVERN.

HOW TO AVOID BECOMING A TIRED BUSINESS MAN! KEEPING FIT THE MARGARET MORRIS WAY.

We hear a lot about the Tired Business Man these days and of the kind of distraction he needs, but when the Margaret Morris Movement of Physical Culture has got a really good hold on the world there won't be any more tired business men about! Miss Morris is a member of the Government Council on Physical Education and, at her school in London, trains a large number of young men and women whose services will be utilised throughout the Empire in the "Keep Fit" campaign. MISS AUDREY SEED *and* MR. JACK SKINNER, *who are shown in action in these lovely photographs, are star leaders of her movement, which has branches in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Paris, and many other places. Classes are held for young business men and women, and if proof be required of the efficacy of the system, it is supplied by the fact that Miss Seed and Mr. Skinner have received their physical training only at the Margaret Morris Institute.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

IT is one of the nuisances of the critical, as of most other, professions, that everything happens at once. After a week with "no place to go"—save to Ibsen at the Vaudeville (and very good Ibsen, too)—one found oneself being pulled in four or five directions at once. Whether, for example, to attend the Royal Command Variety Performance at the Palladium or the Habima Players at the Savoy? Having missed the Habima boys during their last visit to England, I dutifully became a Savoyard. The trouble there was that the play, "THE DYBBUK," by Ansky, was acted in Hebrew; a poor linguist at all times, I must confess to having let Hebrew slide past my attention, thinking that the Bible is quite good enough in the English of the reign of King James. In this case, the language did not greatly matter, partly because I had seen "The Dybbuk" acted before in an English version directed by Mr. Robert Atkins, with Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson in the chief part; partly because the Hebrew version is very much "a production," that is to say, a stylised affair of folk-song and folk-dance, religious ritual and ceremonial grouping. I did not think that the chief part—that of a girl "possessed" by the lost soul of her dead lover until death solves her problem—was especially well played. Miss Forbes-Robertson had moved me far more. But the general effect was really fine. Difficulties of language faded clean away.

The Habima troupe may be described as wandering Jews with a Russian, and later a Palestinian, base. They learned their business with the help of the Moscow Art Theatre, probably the best teachers in the world, and they brought to their lessons a natural dramatic temperament. Since "The Dybbuk" has been in their repertory for years, they ought to be pretty handy with it by now—and they are. Their holy croonings, choral ditties, their dances and mass-effects, are magnificently conducted. Small parts are played with gem-like perfection. The world they portray, with its astonishing ecstasies and superstitions, is alien and disturbing, and the way they portray it is alien and disturbing to any who happen to think that our lounge-hall comedies are the last word in dramatic art. They remain for two and a half more weeks, with a new production each week.

Meanwhile, my deputy was heartily enjoying the VARIETY COMMAND PERFORMANCE at the Palladium, an affair which seems to have made listeners of three-quarters of the nation. Variety, I am sure, appeals to tired working-men and even more to tired working-women, because it is so tremendously vital; the performers project a vigour and a gusto which are what we all would like to have. Naturally, on such a "needle" night, the vigour is colossal. I was particularly glad that Mr. Max Miller was given the honour of appearing. I have often praised his brisk nonsense in this journal, and by all accounts his turn was "a riot," and easily held its own in the excessively distinguished company.

On the following day, one could choose between Mr. Gilbert Miller's offering of "THE SILENT KNIGHT," at the St. James's, and the Shakespearean "CYMBELINE," at the Embassy. By Shakespearean is meant four acts of the Bard, followed by one (corrective) act of anti-Bard. When G.B.S. was a critic, there was no play which he slammed harder than "Cymbeline"; and at last, some forty years on, he has told William where he gets off—or how to get his characters off. On this point one or two remarks are permissible. Nobody in his senses has ever suggested, I imagine, that "Cymbeline" has a good plot. The tale is preposterous. Anybody could improve on it. It does not need the puissant hand of G.B.S. to impart realism or common sense. On the other hand, it contains some of the loveliest of Shakespeare's poetry. If G.B.S. can write a better lyric than "Fear no more the heat of the sun," he is even more of a super-man than I had imagined. Being wise, he did not try. He contented himself with tidying up the queer muddle of Romano-British - Italo - Romantic story-telling to which Shakespeare appended his astonishing capacity for giving our English language ten times its usual value by selecting certain of its words and arranging them in a certain order. Miss Joyce Bland, who played Imogen beautifully at Stratford this summer, once more shows her quality.

"THE SILENT KNIGHT," at the St. James's, is "lovely to look at," as the song says, and, thanks to Mr. Humbert Wolfe's rhymed adaptation of a Hungarian original, makes a pleasant tinkling sound as well. Mr. Gilbert Miller has certainly done his authors proud. No expense of brain or money has been spared to make fifteenth-century Italy and Hungary look as handsome as possible. The settings by Otto Niedermoser and costumes by G. K. Benda are sumptuous, and nobody could wear these ornate trappings so prettily as Miss Diana Wynyard, who is framed in glory. Mr. Ralph Richardson, as the knight who risked three years' dumbness to get a kiss, might be excused for the price he paid, but he did not look so happy in the gent's courting outfit of the period.

I could not help feeling that this piece needed to be a ballet or an opera or something more than a fairy-tale with Mr. Wolfe's Muse in attendance. The story, being unreasonable and insubstantial, needs every kind of aid to give it extraneous values. A stage revolves before our eyes; a court is turned to a dungeon and a dungeon to a chapel. It is rich, ingenious, imposing. Miss Diana Wynyard pouts and suffers enchantingly, gliding easily from her comedy to her emotional passages. People who "like a play to be a play" may think there is not enough stuff in it. People who like a play to look a picture have every reason for satisfaction. A distinguished cast, including Mr. Lyn Harding, and Miss Margaretta Scott, have to stand about hoping for something good to come their way. It mainly doesn't. This is Miss Wynyard's play—and the decorators'.

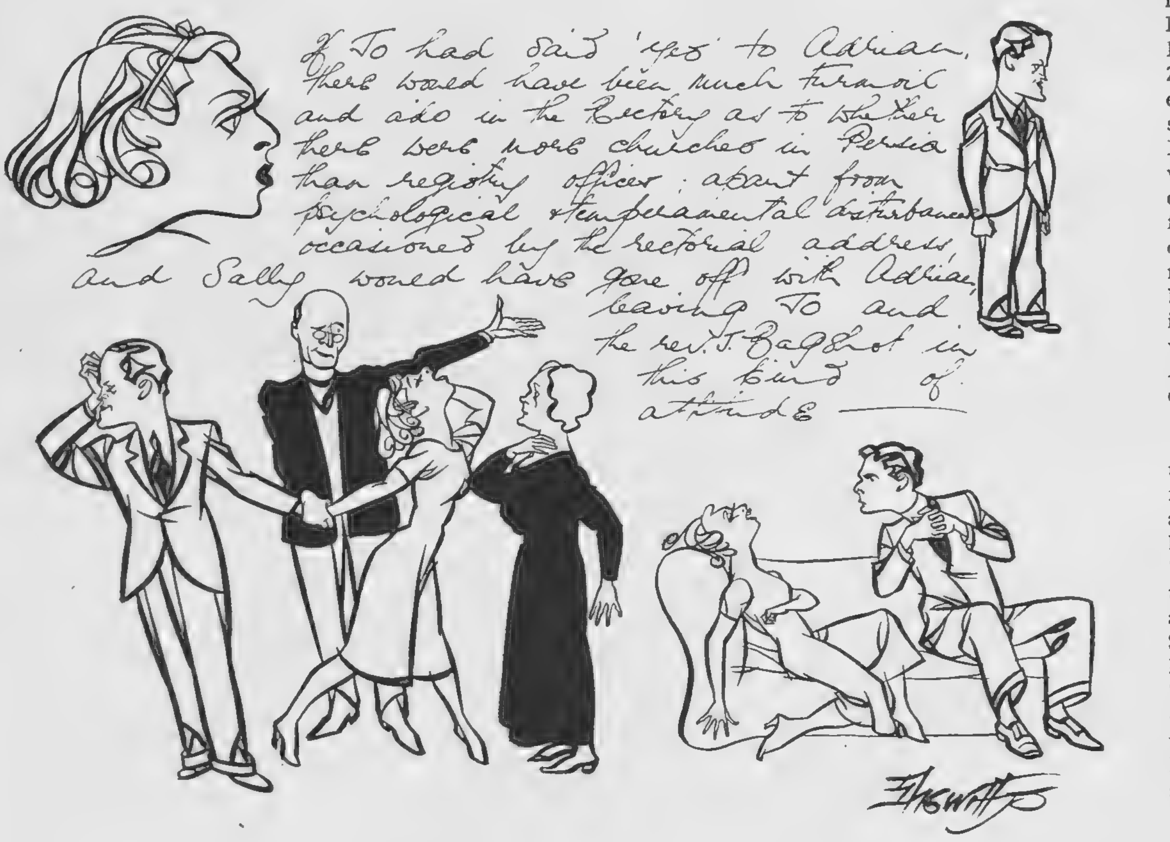
These are outlines from "YES AND NO," *at the Ambassadors, by Sherriffs. If you follow the story among the drawings you will be able to place the Rev. Richard Jarrow* (FELIX AYLMER), *Mrs. Jarrow* (MARY JERROLD), *Jo Jarrow* (DIANA CHURCHILL), *Sally Jarrow* (RENE RAY), *the Rev. John Bagshot* (ROBERT EDDISON), *and Adrian* (DENYS BLAKELOCK).

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE sponsors of the new 20th Century Fox picture at the Regal, "WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE," have added to their programme matter a firm statement that "in order to retain the element of surprise, the complete story is not for publication." Though I did not discover the said element—unless it be in the climax of a triangular story which is surprising in that it airily substitutes a palpably unworkable compromise for any actual solution — I will obediently content myself with saying that Warner Baxter, Loretta Young and Virginia Bruce deal lightly and intelligently with the story of a handsome doctor whose beautiful young wife faces his frequent calls to duty with equanimity until she discovers his indispensable assistant's sex, charm and romantic inclinations. During the development of the theme, both ladies walk out on the doctor, who, it seems, is wholly unable to do without their joint inspiration. Mr. Baxter, called upon to attune an extremely dependent disposition with the authority of a brilliant surgeon, handles the character with such skill, humour and sincerity that it carries conviction. The lovely Loretta, in ravishing creations, and Virginia Bruce, slightly more demure in her immaculate uniform, conduct their affairs, as ladies should, easily and urbanely. Thus, with the doctor's domestic idyll ardently underlined, a few good comedy touches, and the director's determined avoidance of emotional depths, this polished production achieves an agreeable fluency, whilst the smooth work of its trio of stars sustains the interest.



Out of the slightest of story-matter, Jack Buchanan, producer, co-director, part-author, and star of "THE SKY 'S THE LIMIT" (Leicester Square Theatre), has fashioned a pleasant and entertaining comedy with music. With Mr. Buchanan at so many helms, it is not surprising to find the fabric of this film flexible enough to be twisted into situations in which he can get himself into tight corners, wriggle out of them again, and indulge in song and dance without doing any violence to an obliging plot. He appears as a designer for the Beckley Aircrafts Company who has invented a new type of 'plane in which the Air Ministry is greatly interested. He is content to hand over the honours of his invention to Lord Beckley's nephew, until he falls in love with a temperamental opera singer, when he certainly needs all the money he can make, as he discovers when he takes her out to dinner with the intention—rapidly forgotten in the joys and alarms of a gay and expensive "night out"—of persuading her to sing a ditty composed by the hero's best friend. Mr. Buchanan holds the secret of a youthful *joie de vivre* which not only distinguishes his own work as actor, dancer and singer, but whips the whole play into liveliness. Mara Losseff, his Continental leading lady, David Hutcheson, as his loyal friend, and the rest of a good company respond to the spirit of a merry, tuneful entertainment.

A fine play of the "Cavalcade" school has lost its way in a musical—or more or less musical—maze in "52ND STREET" (London Pavilion). The decline and fall of a once select residential street, and the gradual shifting of its social standards—here is a subject that might have been rich in comedy and tragedy. It has been used as a prop for a musical, and though the transformation of 52nd Street's erstwhile dignity at the beginning of the century into a noisy "belt" of speakeasies and modern night-clubs justifies a certain number of musical turns, one cannot but regret the consequent brevity of the story's incursions into the history of the Rondell family, two elderly spinster sisters, and a younger brother, who is the first to desert the citadel of respectability when he marries a cabaret-singer. After her early death, he sends their little daughter abroad in his desire to keep her away from the vaudeville invasion to which he and even his "die-hard" sisters eventually succumb. An echo of the changing times and Wall Street crashes manages to penetrate the growing clamour of entertainment on 52nd Street, and Leo Carrillo gets his chance to tussle delightfully with the English language. Ian Hunter, Dorothy Petersen, and ZaSu Pitts are excellent representatives of the Rondell family, whilst a comedian with very funny legs quietly slips a recognisable brand of humour into the strange vocal efforts of American favourites.

A street is the dominating factor in yet another picture, but, unlike "52nd Street," the powerful adaptation of Sidney Kingsley's stage-play, "DEAD END" (presented at the Gaumont, Haymarket), seeks its subject in a street of dreadful squalor. The play is a grim study of the slum's demoralising influence on its denizens. A gang of youthful hooligans terrorises the tenements, beats up a supercilious son of the wealthy, and generally moulds itself on its gangster heroes, one of whom has obeyed a nostalgic impulse to revisit his old home, where disillusion and death await him. Here is a realistic slice of life, ruthless in its statements, though the unconscious humour of the slum youngsters flickers across its surface, whilst the romance of a stalwart young builder and his childhood's playmate ends on a note of hope. Magnificently acted by a fine company, headed by Humphrey Bogart and Joel McCrea, this indictment of slum conditions is a strong contribution to the serious drama of the screen.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XIV.

"THE WEDDING BOUQUET" *is one of the ballets in the Sadler's Wells repertory. In this fine photograph* JULIA FARRON *is the dog. It is one of the camera studies by Merlyn Severn exhibited in her show in the Board Room of Sadler's Wells Theatre which opened yesterday, November 23, and remains open until December 4.*

The taking of the group of the bride and bridegroom and attendants is, as everyone knows, a most important moment in the programme of the wedding day. This is how it is presented in the ballet "THE WEDDING BOUQUET." *This photograph is included in the exhibition of works by Merlyn Severn.*

WEDDING GROUP À LA BALLET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MERLYN SEVERN.

South Africa

CONTEMPORARY history is casting rather a shadow on the gaiety of the recognised European resorts. Those faced with the problem of where else to go to escape the prospect of the wet Winter forecast might well break new ground by visiting South Africa.

A trip there need not make excessive demands on time or pocket ; and when you return Winter will be a happy memory of warmth and new experiences.

Descriptive brochures and other particulars may be obtained from the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2, or the principal Travel Agencies.

Photo: H. M. Swan.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"GHOSTS" is only a selection of Edith Wharton's ghost stories. But it is a big book, 400 pages long, containing nine brilliantly conceived and highly finished studies in the supernatural as well as two stories which hover on the fringes of it. Obviously the author was passionately interested in this narrow field of the romancer's art, a field which, compared with the whole scope and range of fiction, is as a country churchyard to the countryside. Mrs. Wharton, though far too experienced to be a self-conscious writer, was at the same time highly conscious of her art. She knew just what she was doing, and why; and the preface, in which she embodies her ideas of what the ghost story should aim at, is both fascinating and instructive.

She joins issue with Mr. Osbert Sitwell, who has said that "ghosts went out when electricity came in"—

Surely this is to misapprehend the nature of the ghostly? What drives ghosts away is not the aspidistra or the electric cooker; I can imagine them more wistfully haunting a mean house in a dull street than the battlemented castle with its boring stage properties. What the ghost really needs is not echoing passages and hidden doors behind tapestry, but only continuity and silence. For where a ghost has once appeared, it seems to hanker to appear again; and it obviously prefers the silent hours, when at last the wireless has ceased to jazz. These hours, prophetically called "small," are, in fact, continually growing smaller, and even if a few diviners keep their wands, the ghost may after all succumb first to the impossibility of finding standing room in a roaring and discontinuous universe.

It would be tempting to dwell on what we shall lose when the ghost and the fetch are no more with us; but my purpose here is rather to celebrate those who have made them visible to us. For the ghost should never be allowed to forget that his only chance of survival is in the tales of those who have encountered him, whether actually or imaginatively—and perhaps preferably the latter. It is luckier for a ghost to be vividly imagined than dully "experienced"; and nobody knows better than a ghost how hard it is to put him or her into words shadowy yet transparent enough.

This portrait of SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A., R.S.A., R.H.A., P.R.P., *by* STANLEY GRIMM, R.P., *is one of the notable pictures on view at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Show at the R.I.*

Favourable Conditions.

Mrs. Wharton, it is plain, is here discussing the ghost story more from the point of view of the haunter than from that of the haunted. Yet even so, I do not think that she quite disposes of Mr. Sitwell's contention. It is natural to be afraid of the dark, and in the dark. No one can deny that, other things being equal, a candle and matches are a less effective defence against ghostly visitation than electric light. Moreover, looking at the matter from the ghost's standpoint, surely darkness, or dusk, is a condition favourable to a phantom's appearance? Tradition has nearly always allowed spectres the advantage of the dark. Mrs. Wharton, be it noted, insists on silence; she finds the wireless as disturbing to ghostly manifestations as Mr. Sitwell finds electric light. No doubt mechanical sounds, by muffling footsteps, screams, and the clanking of chains, might impede a spirit's materialisation. But the majority of ghosts, if my memory serves me, are noiseless and voiceless. They simply "walk," and a radio would not put them out of their stride. Indeed, I should not be at all surprised to meet one in a dark room with the wireless turned on.

Ghosts With a Purpose.

Some of the ghosts in Mrs. Wharton's "omnibus" are daylight ghosts; others avail themselves of the privilege of darkness. The ghost, or *döppelganger*, in "The Triumph of Night" copes successfully with electric light, but I do not regard him as one of the most successful of Mrs. Wharton's phantoms. The Lady's Maid's Bell would certainly have been a less effective summons had it rung during the day-time; nor would Miss Mary Park have been so alarming without the help of three guttering candles. Mrs. Wharton's ghosts have one thing in common: none of them is purposeless. They are not there just to frighten, nor are they animated by the purely mischievous spirit of the elemental. They have an aim or a mission; to warn, to prophesy, to commemorate, to get into touch, or (in one case) to have their revenge. True to the attitude she outlines in her preface, Mrs. Wharton never neglects the ghost's point of view; so that in a sense each of her stories is a drama, an encounter of wills totally or only partially foreseen by the human agent. And generally the ghost wins. Mrs. Clayburn would not risk another All Souls' night at Whitegates. Mary Boyne cannot have lingered long at Lyng when she realised who the stranger was whom she had bidden enter the house. And I do not imagine that Kerfol, with its guardian dogs, quickly found another owner. Most of Mrs. Wharton's ghosts are indoor ghosts, though one of them (if it was a ghost?) left a footprint in the snow. There is seldom anything spectacular in their appearance, none of them is headless, or wears his head under his arm. But all the same, when the vague hint (often it is no more) that announces their presence penetrates to us, we get the thrill, the authentic cold shiver, which the best ghost stories give. And even when the shudder passes off, Mrs. Wharton, by a variety of devices too subtle for analysis, keeps one's blood chilled. If, as she says, a ghost story must be judged by its "thermometrical quality," then these are all good stories.

"CHARLES FFOULKES, ESQ., C.B., O.B.E., O.ST.J., D.LITT., *Master of the Armouries of the Tower,*" *by* MAURICE CODNER, R.P., *is a fine uniform portrait at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Show.*

"THE MARQUESS OF DOUGLAS AND CLYDESDALE, A.F.C., M.P.", *by* J. BLAIR LEIGHTON, *is a uniform portrait at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' Show. Lord Clydesdale's marriage to Lady Elizabeth Percy is fixed for December 2 at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. Elsewhere we give a further selection of notable portraits from the exhibition.*

"Further Stories from Lord Halifax's Ghost Book."

"Lord Halifax's Ghost Book" was concerned with a different type of ghost—a ghost that had its origin not in the imagination of a novelist, but in the experience of less specialised human

[*Continued on page* xii

Southward Bound

Smart women off to the lands of clear blue skies travel via Harrods Hat Shop. Here, a host of smart new styles—felts, straws, and linens—await to take their place in the sun. Large picture shows an off-the-face model in natural exotic straw trimmed navy and crimson petersham, 35/9. Small picture (above) exotic straw again in a chic, turned-up-at-the-back style, 29/6. Lower picture—a classic picture hat with original petersham trimming, 42/-. White felts, 25/9 to 35/9. White linens, 25/9-29/6. Colours to order.

HARRODS

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

THERE are times when the hardiest of us are inclined to question the joys of winter golf, and there have been too many such days recently, when wind and rain or fog made golf anything but pleasant. Nevertheless, the Alliance movement has grown to such extent that there are generally about a hundred competitors in the field at most of these tournaments in the London district, and the surprising thing about them is the high standard of scoring under difficult conditions. Very few clubs acknowledge the existence of mud on their fairways—and, truth to tell, most clubs have discovered the value of deworming their courses, with a result that wormcasts are practically eliminated. But, in spite of this, there is still the possibility of the ball picking up a little piece of earth, and I know of nothing more tantalising than attempting to play a shot with a ball in this state. That my idea for remedying this will not meet with general approval I doubt not, but I see no reason why a player should be handicapped by a misfortune which could in no way be avoided. In my opinion, clubs should introduce special local rules for winter golf, and certainly permit players to clean a ball whenever necessary. If there is some doubt as to whether the lie of the ball could thus be improved, it would be a simple matter to solve that question by requesting the opponent or partner to lift and replace the ball. Evidently there is some doubt in the minds of the authorities as to the correct replacing of a ball after lifting, since the Professional Golfers' Association, whose members, I declare without any hesitation at all, are the most strict adherents to the rules, have thought it necessary to introduce a new rule of golf for their tournaments. Next year, in all medal competitions under the auspices of the P.G.A., the ball nearer to the hole must be putted out first. The Rules of Golf state that the ball further from the hole *must* be played first and, if the nearer ball interfere with the putt, the nearer ball may be lifted or putted at the option of the owner. The only possible reason for this is that a ball lifted under the rules of golf might not be replaced at exactly the same spot as that from which it was lifted.

The match between OXFORD UNIVERSITY *and* THE LEAGUE TEAM, *arranged in honour of Mr. R. H. Oppenheimer's birthday, resulted, in spite of Oxford's good fight, in a win for the League, which put a very brilliant team in the field. This snapshot shows* MR. REX HARTLEY *(League; right) teeing-up; while on the left other members of the teams are engaged in a friendly argument.*

The P.G.A. ruling eliminates the possibility of a ball being cleaned when it is lifted on courses where the local rules do not permit cleaning. But at all times, and especially in the winter months, it ought to be possible to clean the ball either through or on the green. I know of clubs where winter rules permit players to "tee" the ball anywhere through the fairway. Naturally, this does not mean that a peg tee may be used, but that the ball, if lying close, may be lifted and teed up on the grass as near as possible to the place where it came to rest. There are those who, no doubt, will say "This is not golf; the ball should be played where it lies." In general principle I agree, but such concessions add to the pleasure of the average players, who are in the vast majority. After all, they know as well as anybody that this is not really golf. It saves a lot of slogging and misery if the ball is teed. However, for those who play on inland courses where there are no such winter rules I commend to their attention a shallow-faced spoon, for shots from close lies through the green. Handicap golfers frequently are under the impression that a deep-faced club will get the ball up quickly, but the reverse is the case, and it is far easier to get under the ball with what appears to be an extremely shallow-faced club.

How These Rumours Arise. But there are days when the weather does not tempt one from the club-house fireside after lunch, and then it is that we "put the whole golfing world right" and keep warm in discussions. These sometimes give rise to false rumour. A report recently circulated stated that St. Andrews is to revise the specifications of the golf ball so as to come into line with the United States Golf Association ball, which is larger than the British. Fortunately, I was able to dispose of that false report by a brief chat with Mr. W. Norman Boase, the chairman of the Royal and Ancient Club, who declared it was "news" to him that a change is to be made. "This is the first I have heard of it," he said, so we can take it for granted that any change that may be contemplated will not be made for some time at least.

MR. P. G. FOSTER *(Oxford), the Worcestershire cricketer, is a member of the Oxford University golf team. He beat Mr. Beck in the singles on Saturday, and he and his partner, Mr. R. C. Kimpton, beat Mr. Micklem and Mr. Greenly on Sunday afternoon. Playing with Mr. R. N. Bond, he lost to Mr. Martin and Mr. Duncan on Saturday morning; and, partnered by Mr. T. C. Harvey, he halved with Mr. Rex Hartley and Flight-Lieut. Neal on Sunday morning.*

Walker Cup Eligibles?

Henry Cotton contributes useful suggestions about the selection of the Walker Cup team, with a proposal that those responsible should organise trial competitions at St. Andrews, where the match is to be played. He tells me that he thinks the most reliable method of choosing the team is to disregard to some extent reputations, but to put every likely eligible player into a 72-holes stroke competition; from that field to choose a short list for a further "trial," and then select the team from the latter. I heartily agree with the Open champion that golfers who excel in the most severe test possible—a 72-holes stroke competition—are the most likely to play well in match play. However, for those who do not agree with this thorough method, I may point out that the United States is choosing their team on reputation, the records of eligible players over the past two years being taken into consideration.

This group shows (l. to r.) MR. R. H. OPPENHEIMER *(League),* MR. J. C. LAWRIE *(Oxford),* MR. D. H. GARROW *(Oxford),* MR. A. A. DUNCAN *(League), the Army champion; and* MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY *(League). The contest lasted for two days. On the Saturday the League won by 15 matches to 4; and on the Sunday by 9 to 3.*

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*

Another Board Meeting

Some of us can throw a dart that lands precisely where it was meant to go. Some of us think we are improving if we hit the board at all. But we all have a true enough aim when it comes to refreshment. Clear and golden in the glass . . . . gloriously cool and reviving . . . . chalk up the winning score for Whitbread's superb Pale Ale!

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I.P.S.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"IT'S a kink; a very deplorable kink. I would have made a fortune several times if it hadn't been for that."

"But, hang it, man! You've got to have solid security before you are able to run a decent loan. The bank won't lend you money on nothing. Mine won't, anyway. Perhaps the banks near the Stock Exchange are more easy-going, eh?"

"I doubt it. What I say is that if I'd only had the pluck to borrow plenty of money, I should have turned it into a lot more. Missed a fortune or two: that's what I've done. And now look at me."

He swivelled round on his office-chair, which only just missed letting him down with a jerk. The broker got up, turned the chair upside-down, and—

"Screw loose," he said. "Like its owner. The difference between us is that the one in the chair can be mended."

"You seem liverish, this morning," Our Stroller commented. "I can guess what's the trouble with you."

The broker's face framed interrogation.

"Your trouble," went on Our Stroller, "is that you made too much money last year, and the year before."

"That so?"

"And your income-tax assessment is calculated upon that unfortunate prosperity. Is my diagnosis correct?"

The broker's expression was as hard as Somerset House.

"Never mind; you won't be called upon to pay the first half for another six weeks. So cheer up."

"You seem to forget," the broker rejoined, "that sur-tax has to be met in one lump."

"Yes, but you needn't pay that until February, and by then you may be in a happier world. Surely that prospect will help to console you?"

"If I had only possessed the courage to borrow money, heaps and heaps of money, I should have been a wealthy man this day."

"Alternatively, you might have been broke by now."

"That's true enough. If not bankrupt, I might have got into a somewhat sticky mess. But don't you, as an outsider——"

"Say, an Also Ran."

"—as an outsider, don't you think that if anyone borrowed money at the present time, and bought all the shares he fancied, that man would find himself rich in twelve months' time?"

"No, I don't."

"You don't? Why not, I should like to know?"

"Well, why should he?"

"Because prices to-day are much lower than they were——"

"That doesn't prove they may not go lower."

"We know all that, of course. But take shares like Dunlops and Courtaulds; Imperial Tobacco, Chemicals, P. and O. deferred, Vickers—oh, and a hundred others: do you mean to tell me they won't be standing at higher prices a year hence than they're quoted at to-day?"

"I'm not so sure——"

"Well, I am; and I tell you——"

"You asked my opinion as an outsider, don't forget."

"Not as a rank outsider, my lad."

"That is to say, you regard yourself as orthodox, and me as heterodox, because my doxy is different from yours. Is that it?"

"I don't know anything about your doxies or your dixies either. I should have thought that you, as a sensible fellow——"

"A wayfaring man, though no fool."

"What's wrong with you this morning? You're as full of quotations as Hamlet, and as crazy as Caliban."

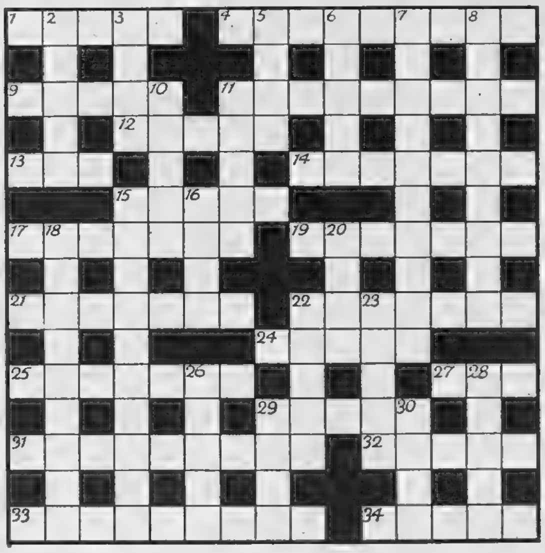
"All because I won't agree with you over the probable course of the other quotations between now and next Christmas."

"The Christmas after that, if you don't mind. Have a cigarette? Do you smoke Players?"

"Try me."

He lit the cigarette from an ingenious Dunhill globe on the desk. "I dare say you're right," he agreed, watching a smoke-ring in the air.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Sounds of coughing in the forest (5).
4. It suggests that the butcher offers his wares at lower prices (9).
9. They may be looked after by sisters or guardians (5).
11. Not private harmonics, seemingly (9).
12. An allotted part of a plough (5).
13. To have one's fling in timid fashion? (3).
14. To reach (7).
15. Not quite a zealous Shakespearean forest (5).
17. He feeds in sumptuous fashion (7).
19. It's only a rumour (7).
21. Some observations of interest to the currency student? (7).
22. Gives way to compassion (7).
24. Acres of trouble (5).
25. A measure in a celestial body concerns celestial bodies (7).
27. Does this Lancashire river annoy? (3).
29. 10 gets them in the neck (5).
31. "I lied by it" (anag.; 9).
32. The girl of repartee (5).
33. It suggests that donkeys make a song (9).
34. Irritating letters (5).

DOWN.

2. Make 13 with a blow (5).
3. Hoaxes, faggots, tubs, or young animals (4).
5. It sounds like a rogue in church (4).
6. Heron (5).
7. These woody plants have a svelte core (10).
8. A biting insect known to Tommy Atkins? (9).
10. Hood wrote its song (5).
11. Imperative tidiness (5).
15. Open to attack (10).
16. The writer's place in a crude sketch (4).
18. Not rough seas, evidently, when daylight wanes (9).
20. It would be venerated if dressed in red (4).
22. Hamelin got annoyed in this way (5).
23. Metallic rôles (5).
26. Legendary giant full of maps (5).
28. Wallows about in the bakery (5).
29. To render senseless with a blow (4).
30. An ingredient of the prudent cook? (4).

"Prices are low compared with what they were, but to my way of thinking, we have got on to a saner level all round."

"You remember what started the fall last year?"

"The gold scare, wasn't it? With politics in Europe, Asia, and America following through, to leave our bullish expectations far behind."

"The thing which set the fall in motion was Chamberlain's National Defence Contribution."

"But that was modified later on."

"Not until the damage had been done. That, and the vast rearmament programme were the two things which did our prices more harm than anything else."

"There has been a pretty fair recovery from the worst, though. Your British Government stocks have had a bit of a boom lately, haven't they?"

"Thank goodness for which! They've saved the situation to some extent. And whatever you like to say to the contrary——"

"But did I?"

"—I feel it in my bones that you are going to see our prices quite appreciably better in the near future."

"I must say you are a good man to have as a stockbroker. We like to be told that there's a good time coming, even if the reasons for it do not seem too convincing. Hopeful, if hazy, eh?"

"You never can tell in the Stock Exchange what is going to happen," the broker affirmed. "We've seen so many things turn out in the way we least expected, that we hardly care to express an opinion very definitely."

"You were fairly definite just now about the coming of higher prices within the next twelve months."

"Even a war will come to an end. And these dictator-chaps can be compelled by circumstances to see that pigheadedness doesn't always pay. Roosevelt has climbed down a bit—"

He picked up the receiver on the little, that is, the House, telephone. . . . "'Lo! Yes; that's me. Right you are! Tell him I'm coming over now."

He replaced the receiver, remarking that he was wanted in the Stock Exchange. "I shall have to toddle over," said he. "And if you are so rash as to risk coming in, don't forget to throw away your cigarette."

Our Stroller found himself left to his own resources at the Capel Court door. "Wonder if I dare go in with an overcoat" he soliloquised, peering through the glass. Two or three men were similarly wrapped up, so in he went.

"You can't make out why we're so good here?" he heard a dealer say. "I don't know any more than you do, but isn't it a fact that clients are buying our stocks because they want safety first and foremost?"

"That must be it, I suppose," the other man replied. "And it pays the Government to encourage this rise in gilt-edged stocks. It all helps the credit of the country. Which is rather a good thing at any time."

"I take it that the Government have one eye on next year's Budget. The drop in prices all round the place must be affecting the Death Duties a good deal."

"Think we shall see the Consol Market easier?"

"Our prices go back in January sometimes, when people have to sell stock for payment of income tax. But the market looks pretty hard at present; there's no getting away from that. Have I got——? Oh yes: here you are."

He handed over a few coppers.

"They take all your money away from you in here," he laughed. "The Cheerful Sparrows bag your ha'pennies; somebody else wants your 'bun' pennies; another lot come for threepenny bits. It's a wonder we have anything left to pay for our lunches."

Our Stroller dropped into a vacant seat, and listened to a desultory conversation between three men standing up in front of him. They seemed to be talking about trade prospects.

"—as these Cabinet Ministers always are. I know that Chamberlain was hopeful enough in his Edinburgh speech, but don't you think that a Prime Minister, or any other member of the Government, is obliged to talk his book?"

"You get a pretty straight warning at times, though. Old Snowden used to give us an occasional shake-up, if you remember."

"Can't say I do. But as a matter of principle, they tell you that everything in the garden is lovely. Seems to me they're more or less compelled to keep on the bull tack."

"Don't you believe that trade is good, then?"

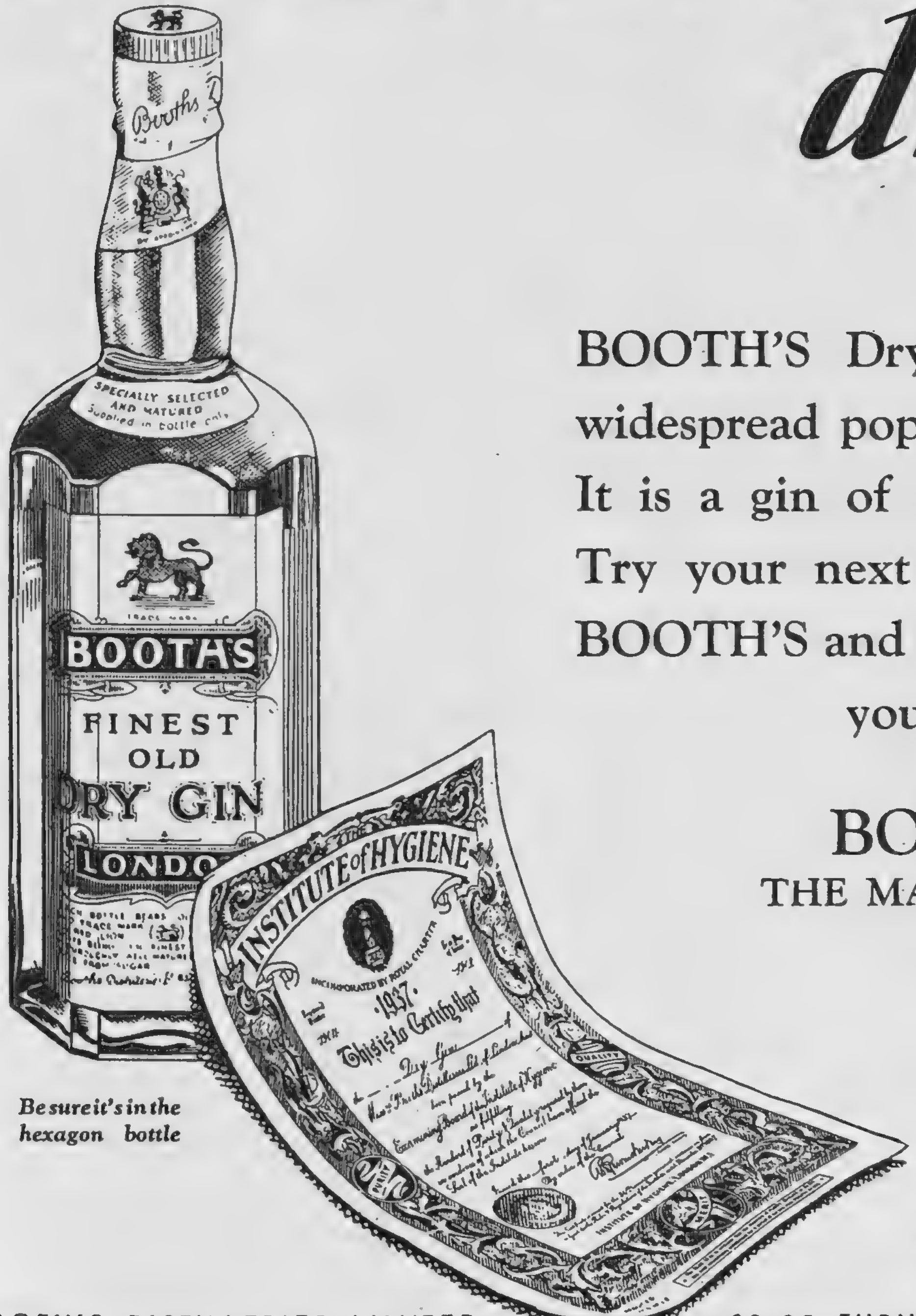
"I believe that all right. What worries me is that costs are going up, and profits are likely to suffer."

[Continued on page 392.

Always ask for Gin by name—

BY APPOINTMENT

"IT'S BETTER TO SAY
BOOTH'S
dry"



Be sure it's in the hexagon bottle

BOOTH'S Dry Gin has won its widespread popularity by its purity. It is a gin of outstanding quality. Try your next "Gin and It" with BOOTH'S and see how much more you like it.

BOOTH'S
THE MATURED GIN

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BOOTH'S IS THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

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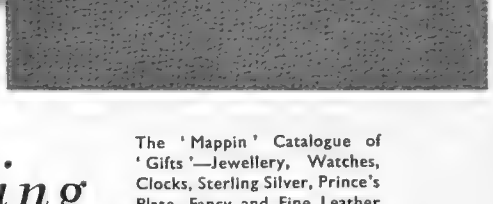


GIFTS

Beautiful-Useful-Lasting

The 'Mappin' Catalogue of 'Gifts'—Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Sterling Silver, Prince's Plate, Fancy and Fine Leather Goods will be gladly sent.

MAPPIN & WEBB *Ltd.*

156-162 OXFORD STREET, W.1; 2 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.4; 172 REGENT STREET, W.1

And THE ROYAL SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK STREET, SHEFFIELD

A GIFT that has a personal touch is worth infinitely more than any other, and what could be more charming than the Juliet cap and the little sequin birds on the left? The cap is made of net, embroidered with silver or black sequins, and it costs 39s. 6d. The Chanel birds, which can be worn in the hair or on the corsage, are made in black, bronze, purple, and opal, and their price is 35s. 9d. each. From Debenham and Freebody.

CHRISTMAS TREASURES

A LUXURY gift that will awaken pleasant memories even after the contents of the lovely box are gone. It is one of Elizabeth Arden's exquisite gift cases, the box itself of pink satin lined with blue suède, decorated with a blue painted horse and a garland of flowers. The contents —a bottle of Blue Grass Toilet Water and Blue Grass perfume, with Dusting Powder, Bath Salts, Soap, Lingerie sachets, and Japonica powder scented with this same deliciously fragrant perfume.

HEAVEN-SENT gifts for a collector of beautiful things. On the left a white jade vase and cover, nine inches high, price £48 10s. Next a green and white jade vase and cover, ten inches high. And thirdly, a white jade ewer, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, price £67 10s. All from Liberty's.

A LUXURY present that will last over several Christmases—this finger-tip-length grey Indian lamb coat from the City Fur Stores, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.4, has square shoulders and two straight pockets. It costs 39 guineas, and would be a source of pride to the giver and to the recipient. They have silver-fox stoles for 12 guineas.

GIVE perfume, and be sure that day by day it will awaken lovely memories. Here is a Yardley gift case which holds a bottle of their famous Bond Street perfume, and a very attractive vanity case. Beautifully flat, it adds no bulk to a bag, and it looks most expensive. The price is 15s. complete. Their gift cases for men are always popular.

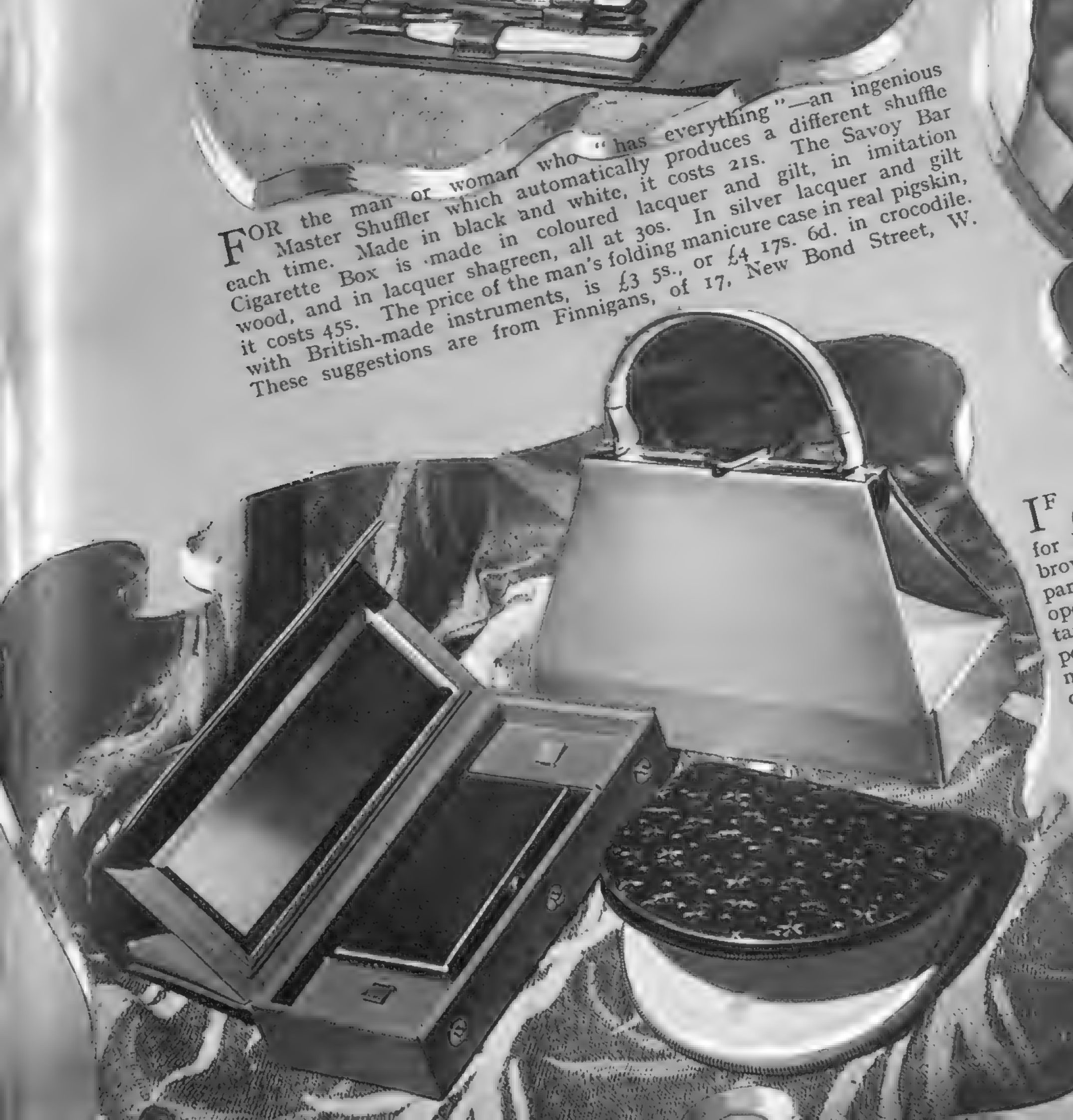
CHARMING gifts need not be expensive. Harrods have a powder-box in dull gilt, chromium, black or ivory, with an ornament of carved jewels. It costs 25s. To the right is a gay lacquer cigarette-case. Price 12s. 6d. In the centre, a fob powder-case in gilt on black or coloured leather thongs. Price 17s. 6d. And a powder-box in dull gold metal, with a black clasp and design. Price 21s.

YOU will always receive enthusiastic thanks for stockings—especially if you are clever enough to send Aristoc. Sturdy silk stockings for golf; trim ones for day-long expeditions; ethereal ones for the evening—all made in the grandest colours, as shapely as an artist's dream.

COUNTING THE COST

IF you are thinking of giving jewellery, but cannot afford real stones, concentrate on design. Photographed below is a necklet in diamond-set paste and square-cut simulated aquamarines. Lovely in itself, it most conveniently divides into a head-dress and bracelet. It comes from Woollands, of Knightsbridge, where the Marie Antoinette ear-rings in antique paste design cost 99s. 6d., the corsage ornament in diamond-set paste and simulated sapphires, which divides into three clips, costs 6 guineas, and the Streamline cigarette-case in gilt or chromium, with a marcassite decoration, costs 22s. 6d. There are powder-cases too.

FOR the man or woman who "has everything"—an ingenious Master Shuffler which automatically produces a different shuffle each time. Made in black and white, it costs 21s. The Savoy Bar Cigarette Box is made in coloured lacquer and gilt, in imitation wood, and in lacquer shagreen, all at 30s. In silver lacquer and gilt it costs 45s. The price of the man's folding manicure case in real pigskin, with British-made instruments, is £3 5s., or £4 17s. 6d. in crocodile. These suggestions are from Finnigans, of 17, New Bond Street, W.



IF you number among your friends an ardent traveller (and who does not ?), the bag on the left is the thing for her. It is a Vanity Compactum in red, blue, black, or brown calf, lined with contrasting moiré. The roomy upper part holds a mirror and a calf purse, and there is a separate opening underneath to reveal the base, which holds an untarnishable metal vanity case in which one can carry powder, rouge, lipstick, and a comb. It has a centre mirror, and the other side takes cigarettes, so that it is complete in itself for the evening. The cost is three guineas. Less expensive, but equally practical, is the embroidered crêpe powder-case, with its zip fastener and its large mirror in the lid. The price of this is one guinea, and it, too, comes from the Hairdressing department at Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

FOR A FAIR LADY

If you want to reach her heart, give her something lovely for her home. Something like this exquisite Old Bleach tablecloth and napkins. A charming border of mixed flowers is hand painted on ivory linen, the soft colours blended with such artistry that the result is a real triumph. The largest size table-cloth, 2 by 2½ yards, costs 51s., and with six 22-inch napkins the price is 74s. complete. The smallest set, 48 by 48 inches, with four 16-inch napkins, costs 32s. 6d.

A DISTINGUISHED bag is a source of satisfaction to any woman. On the left are three bags from Revelation, of 170, Piccadilly, W. Their cocktail bag, in calf or suède, is shown open. It holds a purse and mirror, a comb, lipstick, powder-box, and bottle, and has a pocket for a cigarette-case. It is made in six colours, and costs one guinea. The Pax travelling bag has a new double zip fastening, a passport pocket, and zip-fastened jewellery pocket, a purse and mirror. There are three sizes, which cost 55s., 65s., and 75s. The third bag is in pigskin, and has a purse and mirror and two large pockets. It is also obtainable in black, brown, or navy calf, and costs one guinea.

FOR a lady who cares for her own good looks—an Innoxa Touring Outfit de Luxe. The very compact case, with its expanding trays, is made in green, blue, or red, and it contains everything that is needed for a dry or for a greasy skin. All one has to do is to make sure which sort of skin one's lady has, and what shade of powder she uses. The price is a most pleasant surprise, for here is a thoroughly handsome present for 40s.

WATCHES and clocks designed specially for Christmas, 1937. The key and padlock fob watch in stainless steel costs £7 10s. The book clock in leather (shown open and closed) stands 5 by 3½ inches and costs £5. While the golfer's clock, in pigskin and gilt metal, stands 5¼ inches high, and the price is £6 10s. From the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., of 112, Regent Street, W.

CHOOSING a perfume is an art, but it is one which she will know you have mastered if you give her Millot's Parfum Crêpe-de-Chine. The de Luxe models, which look like marble-topped pillars, cost from 25s. to 72s., but there are other fancy models which cost as little as 11s. 6d. The prices of Eau de Cologne Crêpe-de-Chine so coolly refreshing, range from 3s. 6d. to 80s.

This England . . .

In the Wye Valley

HOW does this England cheat us into loving her, despite her harsher disciplines. Flood, chill and tempest; fallen chimney pots and drenching grass, fog-bound streets and glassy roads — we groan under them. And on a sudden moment she gives us storm-wracked clouds mirror'd on a swol'n stream, blue-layered mist of evening against the dusky hills, the smell of wet earth and fires of wood, to catch us up again in love. Disciplined we must be or our own green land would be a desert; it is from the fields and the beasts of the fields that come our greatest comforts — from the warm coat upon your back to the golden Worthington that gives you heart for the storms of to-morrow.

TRADE MARK

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

EASY to win a reputation for sound sense when all you have to do is to send him a Popular Case containing one bottle of "Grouse" Brand Whisky, one bottle of "Pintail" Sherry, and one bottle of "Quinta Santa Martha" Port—all for 25s., postage paid. Write to Matthew Gloag and Son, Perth—and if you are feeling very generous, order a similar case containing two bottles of each, for £2 10s., or one containing four bottles of each for £5.

TREASURE-TROVE FOR MEN

CHOOSING a present for a sportsman is very easy. Austin Reed's have cape sheep golf jackets fitted with ribbed wool collars and cuffs, zip-fastened down the front, with two large pockets—all for 5 guineas. Or you can get rather similar affairs for 52s. 6d., and for 3 guineas. The well-shaped ribbed sweater costs 30s., and they have others, warm and comfortable, in five different shades, for as little as 15s.

YOU cannot go far wrong if you give cigarettes, and if you choose Player's you will make assurance doubly sure. In gaily decorated Christmas packings, printed with an appropriate greeting, tins of Player's Navy Cut cigarettes cost 7s. 3d. for 150, 4s. 10d. for 100, and 2s. 6d. for 50 in the famous "Medium" blend; while card boxes of the "Mild" cost 4s. 8d. for 100, 2s. 5d. for 50, and 1s. 3d. for 25, the 50 size only in Christmas outer carton. The "Airman" tobacco so thoroughly enjoyed by pipe-smokers costs 3s. 4d. in ¼-lb. tins.

YOU can flatter any man by giving him Dewar's "White Label" Whisky, for you are subtly complimenting him on the superiority of his taste. Specially packed for Christmas in gaily decorated wood cases, all ready for dispatch, they contain two, three, or six bottles, and they can be obtained at all wine and spirit dealers.

WHAT makes a fine whisky finer? Why, Schweppes, of course. In addition to their Soda Water the party season calls for their Quinine Tonic Water, their Green Ginger Wine, their Ginger Ale, and their delicious Sparkling Grape Fruit, to say nothing of such general favourites as their Lemon Barley Water, Sparkling Lime, Orange or Lemon Squash, Grape Fruit Squash, and their Old Fashion British wines.

Gifts which are Universally appreciated & admired
... EXCLUSIVE CIRO PEARL & JEWEL CREATIONS OF UNSURPASSED BEAUTY-REGARDLESS OF PRICE
Fashionable Ring set with Ciro Diamonds in Platinette. No. 5735 £1-1-0
Very fine New Ring, set with Ciro Diamonds in Platinette. No. 5725 £1-1-0
W.166 Ciro Diamonds 10 gns. Real Diamonds 38 gns.
W.205 Ciro Diamonds 6 gns. Real Diamonds 47 gns.
W.203 Ciro Diamonds 7 gns. Real Diamonds 59 gns.
Unusually captivating new Bracelet
perfectly executed in Ciro Diamonds. It is fully flexible. 7069 £1-11-6. Real Diamonds £350.
Marvellous all Ciro Diamond Bracelet in a new and exclusive design of great beauty and charm. Fully flexible links. 7070 £1-1-0. Real Diamonds £118.
Elegant Bracelet of new and distinctive design exquisitely set throughout with brilliant and baguette cut Ciro Diamonds. 7102 £1-11-6. Real Diamonds £155.
Superb Ciro Diamond Brooch the two halves of which may be worn separately as clips if desired. 8663 £1-1-0 Can be supplied in Real Diamonds at £73
W.181 Ciro Diamonds 6 gns. Real Diamonds 21 gns.
W.172 Ciro Diamonds 7 gns. Real Diamonds 16 gns.
W.135 Ciro Diamonds 6 gns. Real Diamonds 16 gns.
W.64 Ciro Diamonds 5 gns. Real Diamonds 10 gns.
Original and Exclusive. Ciro Emeralds, Rubies or Sapphires and Diamonds in Platinette. No. 5741 £1-11-6 or Real Diamonds, £17
New and most Exclusive. Ciro Emeralds or Sapphires & Diamonds in Platinette. No. 5740 £1-11-6 or Real Diamonds, £15
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THE GIFT OF PEARLS
CHRISTMAS GIFT No 1
Those who crave Fine Pearls should come to Ciro's—for Ciro is the largest Cash Buyer in Europe of fine quality cultured Real Pearls imported direct from the Fisheries, and the years of perpetual pleasure to be derived from the ownership of such marvellous Pearls, is out of all proportion to the modest prices Ciro asks. For example, a superbly matched and graduated Necklace—GUARANTEED FOR A LIFETIME—can be yours for only 6 gns. and if you can find its equal at less than double, your money will be refunded in full.
Breathlessly new Double Clip Brooch exquisitely set with Ciro Emeralds, Rubies or Sapphires and Diamonds. 8734 £1-1-0 Can also be supplied in fine quality Real Diamonds at £93
Free on Request
The World Famous Ciro Pearl Necklace 16 in. long with Solid Gold or Platinum Clasp in Velvet & Silk-lined case costs but £1-1-0.
Ciro's London Showrooms: 48, OLD BOND ST., W.1. • 178, REGENT ST., W.1. • 120, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2
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EDINBURGH - at Jenners Ltd
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CARDIFF - Jas. Howell & Co Ltd
DUBLIN - at Switzer & Co Ltd
BELFAST Robinson & Cleaver Ld

CITY NOTES.

(*Continued from page 382.*)

"There 's no particular indication of that so far. You look at most of the company reports and you see they are showing increased profits in the majority of cases——"

"I know. We brokers have that thrown in our faces by a dozen clients a day. Profits go up, but prices go down. And clients want to know the reason why."

"You can't blame them for asking that."

"Of course you can't. But it 's difficult to get them to understand a vague kind of phrase such as General Conditions."

"And Foreign Politics is equally unconvincing. Yet both are correct."

"I suppose," a jobber assumed, "that you can't tell your clients of the fear there is of trade falling away in a couple of years' time ?"

"That much they know for themselves, without your saying so. And it is the very thing that makes them shy of investing their money just now."

"They will come along later, when prices have gone up."

"More than likely. The only safe thing is to tell your friends what you consider is cheap, and say straight out that nobody can expect to get in at the bottom."

"They always do expect to, anyway."

"So do we all. And that 's why we fail to make our fortunes in an Account. Think of the chances we 've had—and missed—even within the past few weeks."

"Has the Nickel Corporation any copper ?" Our Stroller overheard in the Yankee Market.

"A certain amount, but not a terrible lot. Why ?"

"Because my neighbour said he noticed that Nickels went up and down with the price of copper, and he wanted to know if there were any close connection."

"Up to a point there is. But the whole of the Yankee Market is sympathetic to the movements in metals, and that 's why Nickels go up and down in correspondence with copper."

"Nickels look cheap on the Company's earnings. After all, it 's a Canadian concern ; not an American."

"That doesn't matter. You 've got New York, Montreal, Brussels and Amsterdam all dealing in the shares, as well as London, and it 's that which gives them an international flavour."

"If I had a thousand pounds I didn't know what to do with, I would feel inclined to lock up Nickels for a twelve-months' run. They 're cheap, it seems to me."

"There are a good many other cheap shares in the markets just now. American Celanese have come down with the rest of Wall Street prices, but I can't see any real justification for the drop."

"You don't suppose that they will recover unless the rest of the list goes ahead ?"

"No, and that 's another matter which it 's hard to get clients to understand. I don't mean about American Celanese only, but about everything. If West Wits are dull, East Rand Consols will be dull, too, although the two concerns are at opposite ends of the Rand."

"And if tin goes down, it 's a pretty safe bet that rubber will be easier. Not always, I know, but more often than not. . . . Mind your hat !"

Before Our Stroller could get out of the way himself, he was in the thick of showers upon showers of confetti. Everyone within range seemed to be pelting everyone else. The air was thick with the stuff. Nor was Our Stroller greatly mollified to hear later on that the intended victim had that day absented himself from business, but that his friends had decided to carry on the celebration without him.

Friday, Nov. 19, 1937.

"SHE KISSED MY HAND."

(*Continued from page 356.*)

She was now opening her handbag, and was rapidly removing her elderly make-up. She took off her grey wig.

"You 're a wonder," said the man. "But if she 'd pinned you down to a name——"

"I was ready for that, but she didn't even ask."

"What a haul !" said the man.

"It was so easy," said the woman, with contempt. "I don't know how she earns what she does." And she added with a smile : "She cried like anything."

Steffi was still crying when Maria returned to the room.

"Well," said Maria philosophically, "these things happen."

But her mistress didn't open her eyes.

"You 're lucky," said Maria. "It might have happened before."

"If I 'd known," said Steffi brokenly, "I 'd have flung them back in his face."

"You were too quick," grumbled Maria. "All those lovely jewels ! I was listening at the door."

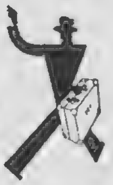
Steffi smiled, and a look passed over her face which Maria had never seen there before. It was so simple and so sweet. . . . It was as though a hand had passed over her face, wiping away its sensual beauty and giving it an angel's peace.

"I feel so happy," she said. "I feel as I felt when I took my first communion, so clean and so holy. Oh, I want to be good again. I want to be good."

"You want a little cognac," said Maria practically, going to a cupboard.

"She kissed my hand," murmured Steffi. [THE END.]

Gifts by REVELATION



from 63/-

REV-ROBE

The Travel Wardrobe hardly larger than a hatbox.

REVELATION SUITCASE

Built to last — light in weight — ultra smart. It adjusts itself always—to the exact size you want, whether for a week-end, week or month.

All Revelations in Leather or Vulcanised Fibre are

GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS

Rawhide, from 117/6; Cowhide, from 80/- Vulcanised Fibre, 40/- ; Fibre, from 10/6

Model R.140—20" in Leather Fabric 82/6

R.150, in real Morocco Leather, £6

REVELATION WEEK-ENDER WITH CHIC-PAK LUXURY FITTINGS

—for powders, creams and lotions—non-spill tops in a rich shade of ivory, all mounted on a *lift-out* stand. This exquisite light-weight Revelation (in Navy or Nigger) has of course that well-known Revelation feature of easy closing and expansion for after-thoughts.

Model R.21—24 ins. Choice Cowhide 115/-

12 DRESSES FOLDED and PACKED IN 3 MINUTES

all folded in one operation into a case hardly larger than a hatbox . . . without a scrap of tissue paper and with no pressing out afterwards. A miracle of efficiency and simplicity.

Vulcanised Fibre, 63/- ; Fabric, bound leather, 75/- ; Same for 10 dresses with lingerie tray, 90/- ; Cowhide, £6-15-0; Rawhide, £8-5-0. Size is 23 x 19 x 9 ins.

AT ALL STORES & LUGGAGE DEALERS

and

REVELATION SUITCASE CO., LTD., 170 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 (*Agents for Revelation Supplies, Ltd.*)

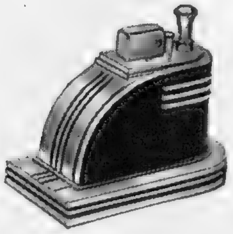
★ ★ ★

For him—for her—for you

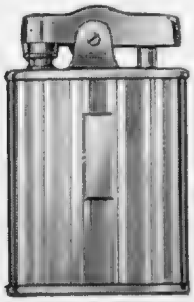
there's the perfect present in the Ronson range

KINGCASE with WATCH. No, 5025.
A really beautiful present. Combined cigarette case and lighter, engine-turned and richly enamelled in black or tortoise. - - - - - 84/-

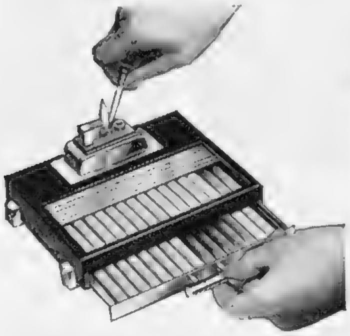
TEN-A-CASE No. 2283
Combined cigarette case and lighter, richly enamelled in white, tortoise or black, with monogram shield. 45/-



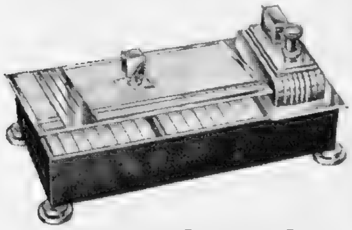
TOUCHTIP No. 2110.
Stream-lined table lighter (Touch-tip—and it's lit!) finished in black, white or tortoise enamel with chromium-plated rims - - - - - - 32/6



BANKER No. 5577.
Beautifully finished man's pocket lighter, engine-turned with polished monogram shield - - - 18/6

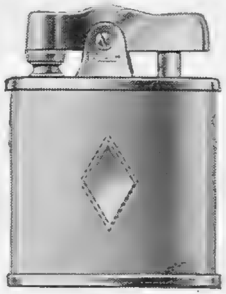


ROLL TOP CIGARETTE CABINET 16273
Housing 30 cigarettes. Chromium and streamline flutings. One action pulls out both drawers and Touchtip lighter built into the back. - 105/-.



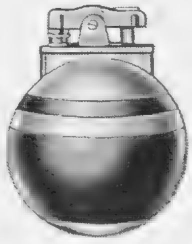
TOUCHTIP AND CIGARETTE BOX SET, 16353.
Streamlined chromium-plated cigarette box, hinged lid. Black/White, Tortoise/Ivory. - - - 52/6

PENCILITER No. 15252
Chromium-plated, engine-turned propelling pencil combined with automatic lighter. Flip and it's lit! 18/6



PRINCESS No. 021.
A small pocket lighter, chromium-plated with smooth satin finish. 13/6

LADY GOLFER No. 16270.
Beautifully modelled oxidised silver figure mounted on black base with detachable Touchtip lighter - 45/-



RONDELIGHT No. 14407.
One of the most popular table lighters ever produced. Lasts months with one filling. Chromium-plated and enamelled. Black with chrome or coloured bands - - - 27/6

RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

FLIP AND IT'S LIT—RELEASE AND IT'S OUT!

SEE THEM AT YOUR TOBACCONIST'S, JEWELLER'S, OR ANY STORE SELLING FINE SMOKERS' ARTICLES

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A

ESSE MINOR (Cooker with Visible Fire Water Heater) No. 33

Refuelling
An ESSE isn't gruelling
Just twice per diem
a.m. and p.m.

Add a little anthracite in the morning and again when you retire and your ESSE Cooker is always ready to meet any cooking requirements. No more daily fire lighting, no more tedious stoking—this means contentment in a healthy kitchen. But there are so many excellent features to this wonderful cooker that you really must come along and see it at the ESSE Kitchens in Conduit Street.

The Esse Cooker Company

(PROPRIETORS SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD. EST. 1854.) BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND, AND 63, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1

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ESTORIL

Portugal is a quiet, orderly country and Estoril, 14 miles from Lisbon, its most pleasant resort, the same as always: sunshine all day long, blue skies, blue seas, wonderful golf (18 holes), a modern casino, excellent hotels and comfortable pensions at moderate prices, a thermal establishment, an indoor swimming pool, and bathing beach—of course you can come! Think of what a fortnight of sunshine and rest in mid-winter means. And the cruise from London costs only seven pounds. Trains run daily from Lisbon to Paris and from Paris to Lisbon. An Air Service to all parts of Europe (three times weekly.)

Average temperature in winter: 54° F.
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For information: CASA DE PORTUGAL, 20, Regent Street, London, or Propaganda Soc.—ESTORIL, PORTUGAL

Pert curls or graceful waves

only EUGÈNE can make them NATURAL as well as LASTING . . .

You simply can't risk disappointment with your next permanent wave! It means so much to you and your success. Even your new frock will be a failure if you feel all the time that your hair is not perfectly dressed. So, if you are wise, you will ask very definitely for a Eugène Wave. For safety's sake—for fashion's sake—and also for economy's sake, since a Eugène Wave lasts for months and months. Your local Registered Eugène Waver is fully qualified to use the wonderful Eugène method as the ideal basis for setting a hair-style specially devised to suit your personality and features. But be sure he uses genuine Eugène Sachets—back as well as front—for only then can you have the lasting satisfaction of Eugène's graceful, lasting waves and curls, which are full of "life" and "spring", yet never look artificial or ordinary.

● FREE: Send your name and address on a postcard for a free specimen Sachet and Betty Brand's famous booklet "On Choosing a Hair-Style." Eugène, Ltd., Edgware Road, Hendon, N.W.9

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Permanent WAVE

CVS—33

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RUSSIAN ERMINE
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69 gns.
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City Fur Store

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Not a shop —— Showrooms first floor —— Half minute from St. Paul's Station

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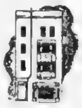
this velvet evening coat of mellow chartreuse, taffeta lined, worn over a frock of white peau d'ange, lacquered bronze and chartreuse.

The coat - 14 Gns.
The dress - 8 Gns.



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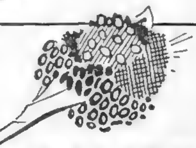

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Write for interesting illustrated booklet "Concerning Flowers—" quite free from the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, 11, Aldine House, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

Look for the Mercury Sign

FTD

The present that never fails to please

Santa Claus has a Christmas present that never fails to delight boys and girls of every age, a gift that is fun, a gift that gives scope for young imaginations. It's Harbutt's Plasticine, the marvellous modelling material that has brought happiness to children—and their elders —for thirty-nine merry Christmases.

That Christmas stocking (or pillowcase) has plenty of room for a big box of Harbutt's Plasticine! All prices to a guinea. Choose from jolly outfits such as these:

ELFIN WONDERLAND, 2/6 each. *Post free 3/-.*
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COMPLETE MODELLER, 4/-. *Post free 4/6.*

Post free rates for Great Britain; Abroad extra. Write to-day for illus. price list.

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TILLY WHIM LTD.

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Calling Christmas Shoppers

1 Copy of French model—three suède bags on chain. Any three colours together—blue, rust, green, navy, nigger, light brown or black - 42/-

2 Suède handbag with beautiful baroque frame. Pleat effect sides. Inner division and mirror. Bottle, wine, nigger or black. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$ ins. **49/6**

3 Gold kid pochette with attractive baroque front and matching detachable powder case. Purse and mirror. Gold or silver only. 6 x 5 ins. **49/6**

4 Similar model in metal baroque on Rayon silk. Detachable powder case to match. Black or brown, gold or silver kid. $5 \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ ins. Complete **28/6**

5 Morocco leather Foreign money case. Four separate pockets for currency. Lined reliable quality moiré. All colours. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ ins. - - **10/9**

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8 Morocco travel jewel case with roll up pad for rings, etc. Lock and key. Brown, saxe, green or navy. $6\frac{1}{2}$ ins. **15/9;** $7\frac{3}{4}$ ins. **21/-;** $8\frac{3}{4}$ ins. **25/6**

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White Fancy Organdi Frock, with hand-whipped frills and ribbon trimming. 20″ **35/9**

Satin Slip **25/9**

Model Frock in White Organdi. Embroidered Lily of the Valley in natural shades. 22″ **63/-**

Satin Slip **25/9**

Any size to order.

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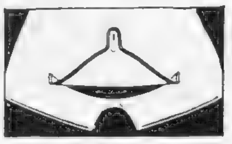
IT'S NEWS!

The BRAEMAR *Envelope* Combination

Front closed. *A one-button closing that keeps closed without any drag*



Back open. *Dainty elastic finish to the opening gives freedom, comfort and fit*

This envelope combination gives complete comfort and freedom. The 'closed crutch' *keeps* closed no matter how you bend or stretch. Go round to your nearest shop and ask to see it. You'll be won over immediately — will wonder why nobody ever thought of it before. In delightful skin-fitting lace knits — in Wool, or Silk and Wool Mixture, Pure Spun Silk or Indian Gauze. Prices range from 19/11. For other Braemar styles with range of prices write to makers (address below) for charming new booklet. They will also give you the name of your nearest retailer.

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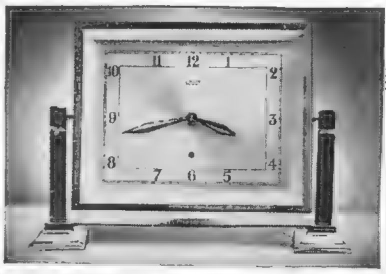
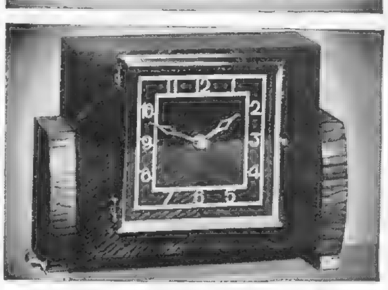
A BEAUTIFUL GIFT TO GIVE

A THRILLING PRESENT TO RECEIVE

Give a Goblin Electric Clock





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Write now for fully illustrated descriptive folder and name of nearest dealer to: GOBLIN (Dept. T.C.2), Fulham, S.W.6.

Above, The 'DART' £2. 5. 0

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Obtainable from leading London & Provincial Stores.

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LET *Peggy Sage*

MAKE YOUR HANDS

A SYMBOL OF YOURSELF

Society women trust their hands to Peggy Sage: for this Salon has the secret of interpreting personality. Spend half-an-hour at Peggy Sage's Salon and *see* the magic that makes your hands the symbol of yourself.

Tools emerge from an electric steriliser. An emery board is taken from a sealed carton. The polish is applied from half-moon to finger-tip—and then just a *hair-line* is drawn round the nail-tip—it gives the hands length and slenderness—just one more of Peggy Sage's exquisite inventions. Peggy Sage preparations, *including hand-creams and lotions,* are sold at special depots in all leading provincial towns.

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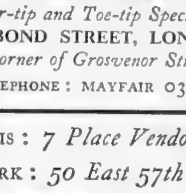
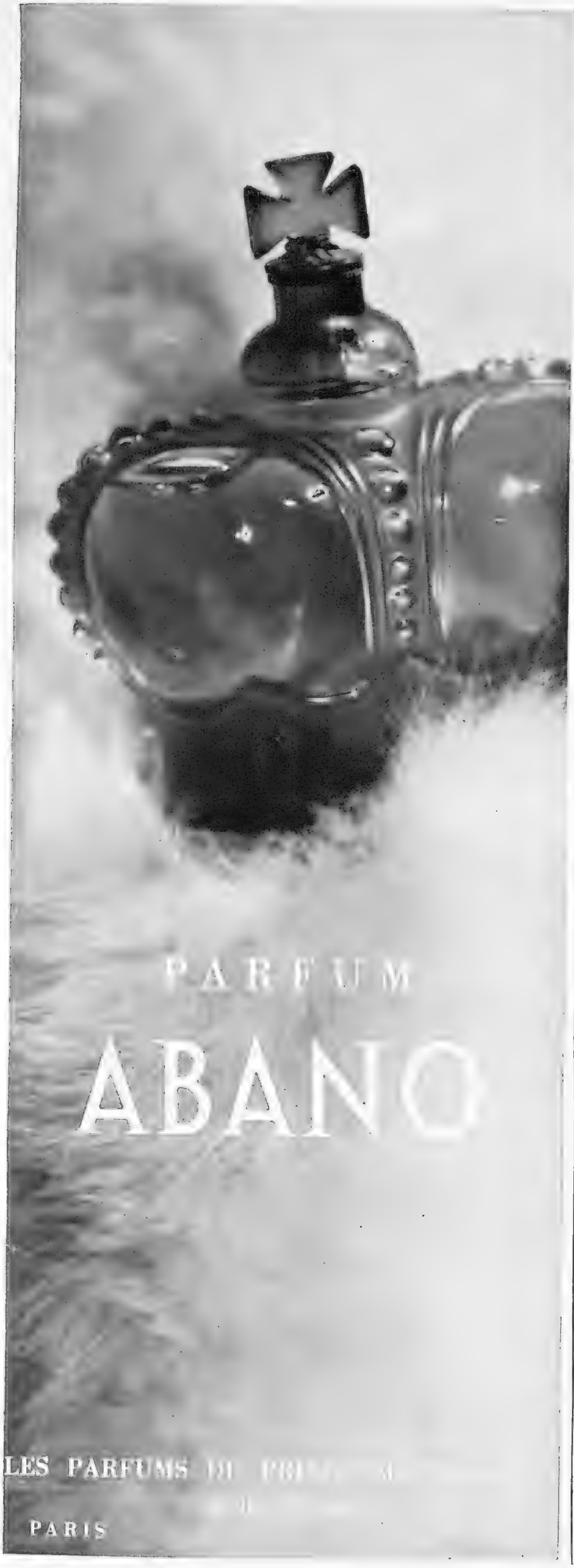


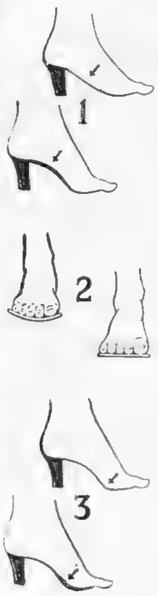


THE NATION REQUIRES PHYSICAL FITNESS

FITNESS *begins with* FIT

The fit of the shoe is the foundation on which to build bodily fitness. This is only possible where the shoe is correctly and carefully fitted. Selberite Arch Preservers are fitted from the heel to the ball of the foot, and there are different types for every individual Arch Curve. Each type of Selberite Arch Preserver is stocked in seven different fittings, besides which they alone possess the three patented features illustrated and explained below.

THE THREE CARDINAL FEATURES



1. The modern high heel leaves the foot arch without support.

Selberite Arch Preservers put a strong invisible bridge under this vital arch.

+ + +

2. The inner sole of most shoes is curved, squeezing toes and joints together. You walk in a trough.

The inner sole is flat in Selberite Arch Preservers. You walk as nature intended.

+ + +

3. The raised heel throws your weight forward, putting an unnatural strain on the forward (or metatarsal) arch.

A scientifically placed pad in Selberite Arch Preservers relieves the strain at this point and prevents calluses, etc.

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OUR NEW ADDRESS AFTER DECEMBER 25th

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The danger of illness spreading through the house is easily removed if Sanitas is sprayed into the air of the sick room several times a day. Sanitas not only freshens the room by releasing oxygen, but kills the germs which are floating in the air. (Sprays are supplied to fit the large bottle at 4/- each.)

Persons entering the sick room should also spray their throats or gargle before leaving, and for the comfort of the patient Sanitas should be added to the water with which the patient is washed.

Sanitas is invaluable in every sick room, and has been recommended by doctors and nurses for over 60 years.

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The SAFEGUARD

Germicidal Antiseptic for all Household Purposes and Personal Hygiene.

6d. 1/- 1/6

The 1/6 size is fitted with a sprinkler top.

Wilcox

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PART EXCHANGE YOUR OLD FUR COAT FOR A NEW ONE

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(The original Part Exchange Fur Specialists)
243 REGENT ST., OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1.
LICENSED FUR VALUERS — MAYFAIR 3912 — AND INSURANCE CONSULTANTS

Welcome Always - Keep it Handy

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

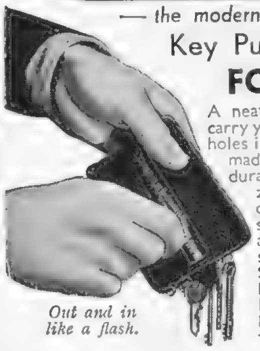
QUEEN'S SWEET · SPORTSMAN'S DRY

Better than Sweets
A·G·BRAND ELVAS PLUMS
Give a box this Xmas

Kee-mak

Regd.

— *the modern* Key Purse **FOR XMA[S]**



Out and in like a flash.

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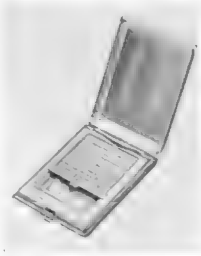

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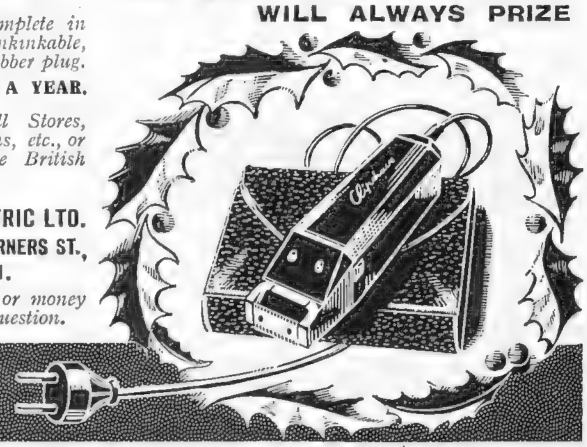

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from page 378.)

beings. Many hands contributed to the late Lord Halifax's collection, and their contributions had this in common: they were all, to the best of the contributors' knowledge and belief, true. This did not necessarily make them good ghost stories, although many of them were good; but it meant that one read them with a special curiosity. Those who enjoyed the experience of having their scepticism challenged, or their belief reinforced, by the evidence of first-hand witnesses of supernatural phenomena will turn eagerly to "Further Stories from Lord Halifax's Ghost Book." The second series differs from the first in that the stories are shorter, many of them amounting to no more than a single brief episode. The longer pieces are not quite up to the standard of the first book. "The Shrouded Watcher" is a good tale, even if it suggests that truth about ghosts is stranger than fiction—as does also "The Restless Dead," another story reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*. The briefest anecdote, however, gives scope for artistry, and Lord Halifax's deft handling of such an episode as "The Ghostly Passenger" deserves all praise.

"Lords of the Equator." One might pursue the subject of ghosts into Africa, for Mr. Patrick Balfour, who has recently completed a 10,000-mile journey through the heart of the Dark Continent, has a good deal to say about them. In many of the tribes a man's whole life used to be regulated by the necessity of conforming to this and that taboo. Now, under European influence, the tyranny of superstition and the power of the witch-doctor have been weakened; but Christianity, where it has been adopted, does not always supply the native's need for violent excitement, his instinct to lose himself in hysterical outbursts of fear or joy. "Lords of the Equator" is an extremely interesting book, well written, packed with facts, stimulating and provocative with judgments and opinions based on those facts. Mr. Balfour's main concern is not so much with the African *per se* as with the effect of European administration in Africa, and the problems—especially the political problems—arising therefrom. He visited the French, Belgian, Portuguese, and British territories, and paid special attention to the ex-German mandates. He had many conversations with Germans on the subject of the restoration of their colonies, and his book is a mine of information on this thorny topic. Still, even the most confirmed imperialist would admit that Africa is for the Africans as well as for their overlords, and I found Mr. Balfour's summary of African traits particularly interesting—

Warped Peter Pans. The African must still be regarded as a child. He embodies the child's virtues and his defects. He is affectionate and heartless, loyal and irresponsible, gay and despondent, curious and inconsequent, spontaneous and artful, confiding and afraid. He lacks stability, the faculty of concentration, the power of reasoning. . . . He is a child born of children, the product of generations of warped Peter Pans, living in a dark Never-Never-Land where there are more pirates than Wendies, more witches than Tinkerbells. The African has never emerged from the oppression of childish fears and cruelties. The child's fear of the dark, of bogeys, ghosts and hobgoblins has hardened through the generations into an all-pervading superstition and suspicion which stunt his growth. . . . While he retains a certain instinctive morality and intelligence, his conscious moral and intellectual development has been indefinitely retarded. . . . In our anxiety to see the African reach man's estate, we tend to whisk him there with a single hop. . . .

Mr. Balfour tells a charming story to illustrate the African's childish side. He relates how a native, attracted by an advertisement of a dress on a mannequin, ordered it, enclosing the money—

The dress arrived. But the native came to the administrator in a great state, complaining that the white man's shop had grossly cheated him of fifty francs. They had omitted to send the lady in the dress.

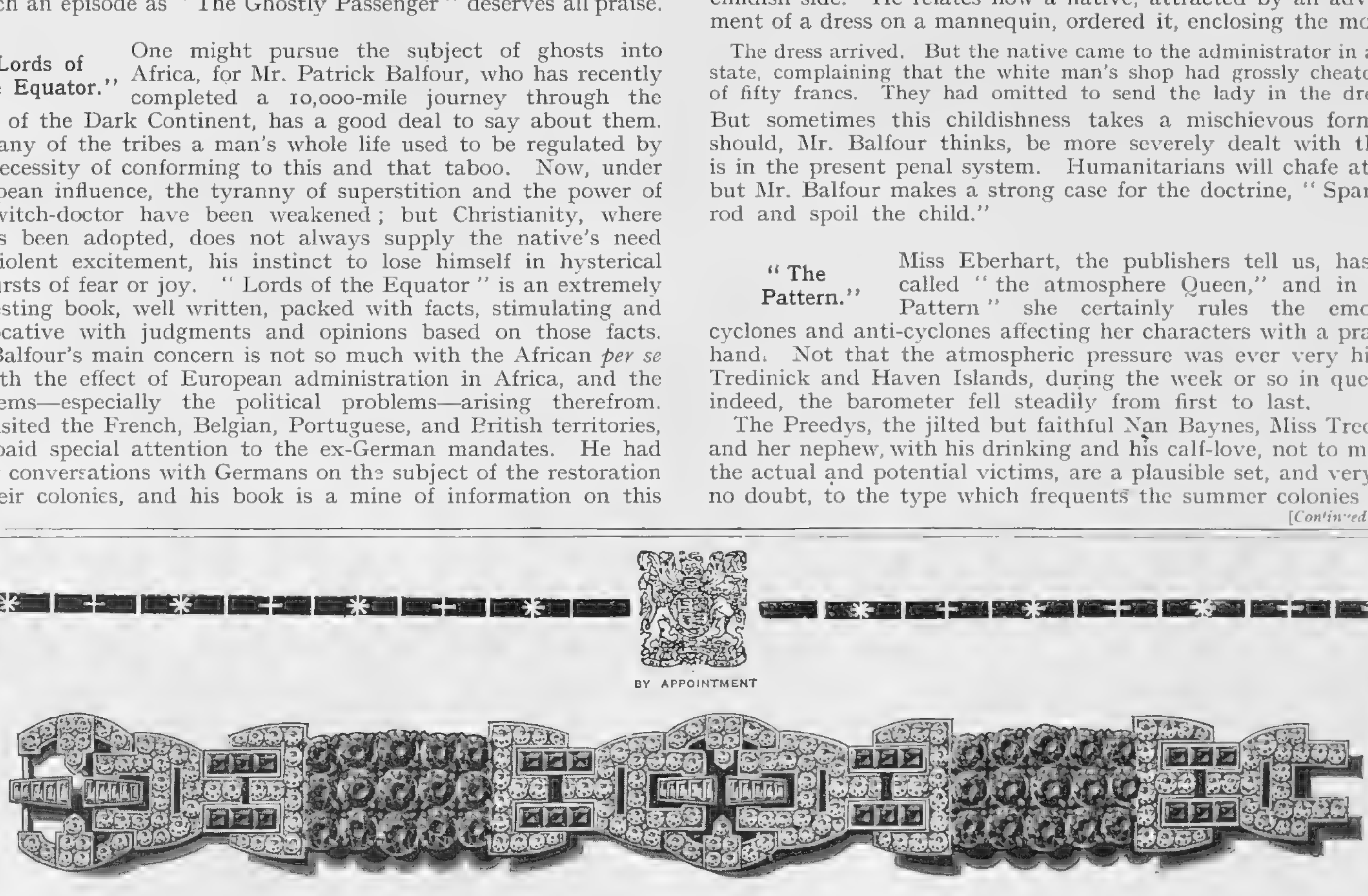
But sometimes this childishness takes a mischievous form, and should, Mr. Balfour thinks, be more severely dealt with than it is in the present penal system. Humanitarians will chafe at this; but Mr. Balfour makes a strong case for the doctrine, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

"The Pattern." Miss Eberhart, the publishers tell us, has been called "the atmosphere Queen," and in "The Pattern" she certainly rules the emotional cyclones and anti-cyclones affecting her characters with a practised hand. Not that the atmospheric pressure was ever very high on Tredinick and Haven Islands, during the week or so in question; indeed, the barometer fell steadily from first to last.

The Preedys, the jilted but faithful Nan Baynes, Miss Tredinick, and her nephew, with his drinking and his calf-love, not to mention the actual and potential victims, are a plausible set, and very true, no doubt, to the type which frequents the summer colonies of the

[Continued overleaf.

BY APPOINTMENT



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Continued.]

American lakes; but unfortunately they are neither agreeable nor entertaining, and, apart from a certain satisfaction to be derived from the well-merited fate of the victim, it is difficult to take much interest in their comings and goings. Come and go they do, with bewildering frequency, using a fleet of motor- and row-boats which is divided into almost as many categories as the Royal Navy.

Never was a detective more self-effacing than Mr. Wait—indeed, he spent his time denying all interest in the case, and would appear only to have "hung around" to please the good-natured sheriff. But his eyes, we are told, had a "queer ruby flash," and when once his hatred of murder had induced him to act, he used this optical peculiarity with such baleful effect that innocent and guilty alike must have felt the electric chair to be just behind them. The crime is neatly planned and carried out, but it is difficult to believe that if the criminal had been so successful in concealing his identity during the preparations, he would not have prevented the all-important man from discovering it after the event.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Ghosts. By Edith Wharton. (*D. Appleton-Century Co.; 7s. 6d.*)
Further Stories from Lord Halifax's Ghost Book. (*Geoffrey Bles; 8s. 6d.*)
Lords of the Equator. By Patrick Balfour. (*Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.*)
The Pattern. By M. G. Eberhart. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

Everyone concerned with the distribution or sale of merchandise should visit the unique commercial art exhibition at the Building Centre Galleries, New Bond Street, opened by Sir Charles Higham on Nov. 12 and remaining open until Nov. 24. It comprises winning and other meritorious entries submitted for a National Contest organised by Masson Seeley and Co., Ltd., to illustrate the artistic and commercial possibilities of the Masseeley Advertising Unit. The exhibits, which number over 1000, are designed to bridge the gap between seeing an article of merchandise and purchasing it. They range from display stands and elaborate five-colour show-cards and posters, to simple but distinguished price-tickets in all shapes and sizes. The competitors have utilised the unique capabilities of the Masseeley process to provide the potential customer with powerful arguments in favour of making the purchase without delay—in other words, they would just make you buy!

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"HIDE AND SEEK" (Hippodrome). 8.15.—Bobby Howes and Cicely Courtneidge at their scintillating best.

"VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—Perfect reproduction of the Victorian era, with Pamela Stanley. Perfect settings by Rex Whistler.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Unlimited laughter.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"GHOSTS" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—Ibsen re-translated, with a moving and splendid performance by Marie Ney.

"IT'S IN THE BAG" (Saville). 8.30.—A very bright revue.

"THE GUSHER" (Princes). 8.15.—Good Ian Hay melodrama of many scenes.

"AUTUMN" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie, Victoria Hopper, in a quadrangular drama.

"ST. MORITZ" (Coliseum). 2.30 and 8.15.—Brilliant ice spectacle, with gold medallist performers.

"GOING GREEK" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Henson, Emney, Hearne and Louise Browne in true Henson vehicle.

"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE" (Royalty). 8.30.—Priestley psychology; Wilfrid Lawson's first-rate interpretation.

"BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL" (New). 8.15.—Dodie Smith's newest. A well-acted play about young people.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in knockabout farce. Lots of laughter.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in solution of sensational murder.

"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—A thoughtful evening with J. B. Priestley.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—Music, dance and spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Ivor Novello.

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" (Odeon, Leicester Square).—Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll in a finely-staged version of the famous novel.

"THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA" (Carlton).—Paul Muni in a real-life drama vividly reconstructed.

"THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN" (Curzon).—Sacha Guitry's tri-lingual historical romance.

"G'SCHICHTEN AUS DEM WIENERWALD" (Studio One).—A gay and charming musical romance from Vienna.

"THE EDGE OF THE WORLD" (Studio One).—Life on a lonely Scottish island.

"DEAD END" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—A powerful adaptation of a drama set in the New York slums.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE" (Regal).—Warner Baxter, Loretta Young and Virginia Bruce in a doctor's triangular dilemma.

"52ND STREET" (London Pavilion).—A "musical" based on the changing fortunes of a famous street.

"ANGEL" (Plaza).—Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas in a Lubitsch variant of the triangle theme.

"DR. SYN" (New Gallery).—A rousing tale of smugglers led by George Arliss.

"LOVELY TO LOOK AT" (Tivoli).—Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power in a comedy-romance set in Switzerland.

"NITCHEVO" (Berkeley).—Harry Baur in a French submarine drama.

"THE SKY'S THE LIMIT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Lighthearted comedy with music, starring Jack Buchanan and Mara Losseff.

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

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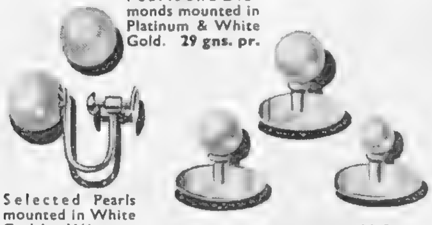

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MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

IT takes a brave man to break in on the thousand-pound-car market with an entirely new make, yet Mr. Victor Riley, the chairman and managing director of Autovia Cars, Ltd., has the necessary courage and conviction. The Autovia limousine has been produced to meet the demand for a really roomy and comfortable seven-seater of the most luxurious description, which is at the same time easier to handle, to park, and to garage, and more economical to maintain.

One might almost say that the Autovia is Mr. Victor Riley's hobby. Having produced what is perhaps the most consistently successful small car in the world, he decided that it would be interesting to produce what he regarded as the ideal motor-carriage. With Mr. Gordon Marshall and others, he discussed his ideals. Neither time nor money considerations mattered. Unhurried and unharassed, the designers could work out the perfect solution of every problem that confronted them, and not until this new car had successfully passed all its tests was any thought given to placing it on the market.

The new 4·3-LITRE SHORT CHASSIS ALVIS SPORTS TOURER *is one of the fastest standard cars in production, and a great example of the British idea of what a sports car should be. The price is £995. The lady at the wheel of the car in our photograph is* MISS PEARL ARGYLE, prima ballerina *of the Vic-Wells Ballet.*

The Autovia is primarily a chauffeur-driven car. The sort of automobile in which successful middle-aged men are driven to business or to the theatre. It is, however, a very pleasant car to drive, and the same type of motorist who rates comfort and silence, and general luxury in movement above other considerations will find in it exactly what he requires. It must not be thought from the foregoing that there is any need to apologise for the performance of the Autovia. It has a high cruising-speed of round about 80 m.p.h., and a useful degree of acceleration. An interesting point about this car is that, in direct contrast to the majority of motor-vehicles, it becomes more comfortable and more silent as its speed increases.

The 90-degree eight-cylinder engine, rated at 24 h.p. and taxed at £18, is both smooth and powerful. The capacity is considerably below three litres, for it was felt that no higher power was necessary in a carriage of this description. There is nothing *outré* about this well-balanced chassis or the finished vehicle; rather does the Autovia cling to traditional styles of radiator and coachwork design. It is essentially quiet and unobtrusive in appearance, yet possessing a natural dignity, so that it looks well even when in the company of the most expensive cars in existence.

Although the luxurious body is of the full width and length that one would expect on a much larger chassis, the over-all dimensions of the vehicle have been kept down owing to the very compact nature of the V-8 engine. The floor, which is absolutely flat, is lower than usual, with the result that the Autovia is extremely easy to get in and out of, while the centre of gravity is brought so low that any tendency to roll on corners is entirely eliminated.

Continued overleaf.

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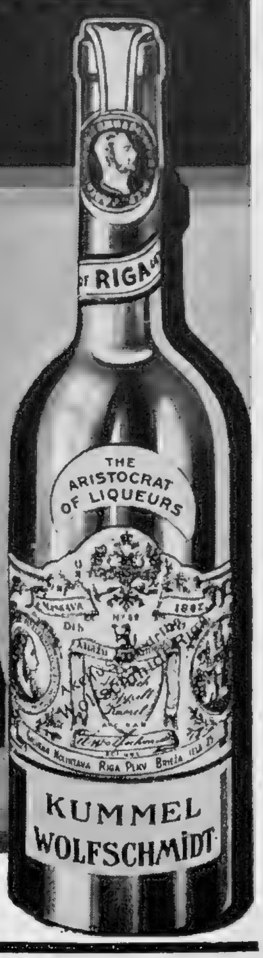

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Triumph-Gloria Fourteen 6 light saloon	**£288**
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Triumph-Dolomite 2-litre saloon	**£388**

Triumph-Vitesse 14/60 Sports Saloon - **£298**
Discs and pass lamps extra.

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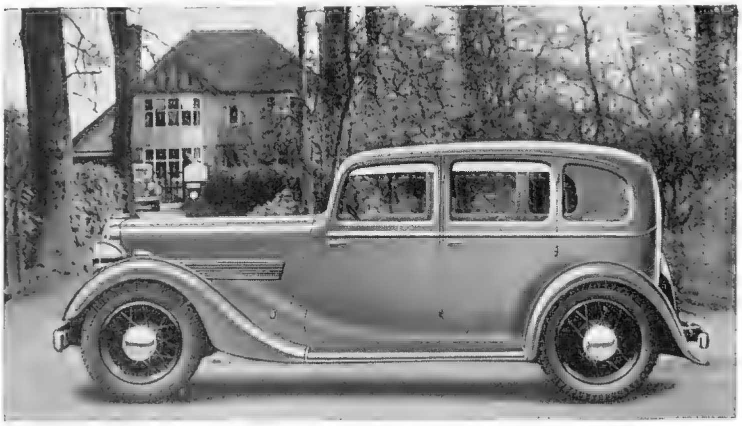
Continued.]

The driving of the Autovia is simplicity itself, thanks to the extremely efficient automatic clutch, which frees itself as soon as the engine-speed drops below a certain figure. In traffic, therefore,



The ROVER 1938 "TEN" SALOON *is one of the cars which appeal to the discerning motorist.*

it is quite unnecessary to keep a foot on the clutch-pedal, and fatigue is enormously reduced. A pre-selective four-speed gear-box reduces gear-changing to the utmost simplicity. The control lever, moreover, is mounted more neatly than I have seen it on any other car, projecting as it does from the boss of the centre of the steering-wheel, so that gear-changing can be effected quite easily with a flick of the thumb. The left-hand pedal is, strictly speaking, a gear-changing one only, for it is unnecessary to use it as a clutch; having pre-selected the required gear, one simply depresses and instantly releases the left-hand pedal, and the gear is engaged. As on every car with a pre-selective gear of this type, one can drive in top gear with third already pre-selected, so that if a sudden change of gear is called for, either in order to accelerate more rapidly or when climbing a hill, one has only to kick the pedal, without having first to move the selector gear-lever. In effect, therefore, the Autovia has a two-pedal control and driving is simplified accordingly.

I have never met a limousine, particularly with so much comfort as this, that handles better on corners. One can, if one wishes, drive the Autovia almost as one would a racing car, for even at 70 m.p.h. quite sharp bends can be taken in perfect safety. The brakes are another good feature; the hand-brake being disposed beside the driver's seat, readily accessible for the right hand, yet not interfering in any way with the ease of ingress from the driver's door.

The equipment of the Autovia is most complete, head-lights being specially powerful to allow driving at the highest speed of which the car is capable. Loud- and soft-note horns are provided, and the windscreen wipers can either be operated both together or independently. The instruments are illuminated at night from inside, and the intensity of the light can be regulated. With a luxurious limousine body, equipped, among other things, with a telephone between driver and passengers, the Autovia is priced at £995. The five-seater saloon is listed at £975.

The car in this snapshot is an AUTOVIA SALOON. *It is posed outside the fourteenth-century Rhydespence Inn, Whitney-on-Wye, which forms a delightful background for Coventry's latest luxury car, which is discussed in the article on these pages.*

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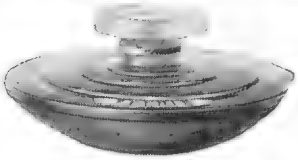

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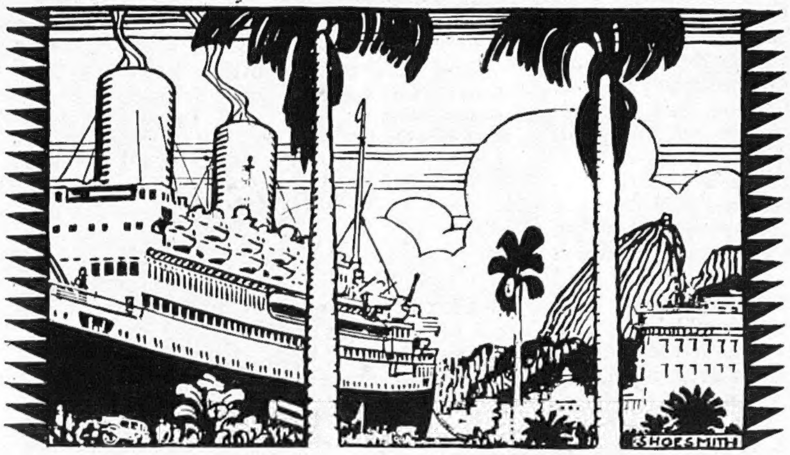

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXXVI.

THREE LITTLE BOOKS.

THREE more books—or, rather, booklets—on contract. Each one on a different subject, and each one, I am sure, will prove interesting and instructive. The first is "Contract Bridge for Beginners Only," by F. P. Barton, who is the author of the popular "Barton One-Club Bidding System." This little book, as the title explains, is for the beginner, and it makes it easy for those without any previous knowledge of cards to learn the game of contract bridge. I personally am a little surprised that the author lays it down that you need but three small cards in your partner's suit to support his opening "one"-bid. I have always been under the impression—and, indeed, I still am—that to support partner's "one"-bid you need three trumps headed by a good honour (not less than the knave, anyhow), or four small trumps. It is, of course, different when partner re-bids his suit; then three small trumps form ample support. I am not saying that Major Barton is wrong in this view of his, but I do think a beginner at the game should think twice before raising his partner's bid when holding but three little trumps. "Contract Bridge for Beginners Only" is published by Joiner and Steele, Ltd., London, at 2s. 6d.

Next we have "Contract Bridge Current Bidding Systems Explained," by V. L. Wahltuch (Printing Craft, Ltd., London). In this little book a clear explanation of no fewer than twelve bidding systems is given. That will show you how much in the bidding line we poor contract-players have to learn, understand, and memorise; and, of course, there are any number of other recognised systems of bidding in addition to these twelve. Further, we have to know (or should know, anyhow) all about Asking Bids, Four-Five no-trumps conventions, Grand Slam Force, etc.; in fact, Mr. Wahltuch's little book doesn't let the bridge student off too lightly. It is, however, a very useful book, and I confidently recommend players to get a copy of it and to carry it about with them, so that, should they hit up against a partner who wishes to play some system they are not very familiar with, a glance at this book will help to clear the way towards a pleasant partnership. Further, as we are all well aware, there is often a dispute about how exactly a bidding system should be carried on in its later stages; well, in these cases, a reference to this book will immediately settle all arguments. Of course, the point still remains whether it is not easier and perhaps better for all concerned not to employ a bidding system at all—but that 's another story.

Number three, "Collins Contract Bridge Diary, 1938," is edited by George F. Hervey, and published by Collins, London and Glasgow. This is a very handy pocket book and, in addition to the usual information contained in a diary, it has all the salient points on bridge clearly and concisely explained. There are also twelve hands set out in full, each hand being an example of some interesting point in the bidding or the play of the cards, or of both. In contradistinction to V. L. Wahltuch, who gives a full explanation of no fewer than twelve bidding systems, George F. Hervey would give us to understand that there are but three main schools of thought so far as the bidding goes. Here is a double-dummy bridge problem—

Y	B / A	Z
	SPADES—K, Q, 2. HEARTS—Q, 9. CLUBS—None. DIAMONDS—A, 8, 7. B	
SPADES—10, 9. HEARTS—None. CLUBS—A, Kn, 8, 7. DIAMONDS—Kn, 10.	Y Z	SPADES—8, 7. HEARTS—A, 10, 8. CLUBS—None. DIAMONDS—Q, 9, 6.
	A SPADES—A, 4. HEARTS—7, 6. CLUBS—K, Q, 9. DIAMONDS—5.	

Spades are trumps. A to lead and make six of the eight tricks.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, NOV. 17.

ACROSS.—1. Hirsute. 6. Everest. 12. Eare. 13. Ibid. 14. Draggle. 17. Edomite. 19. Dip. 20. Eidolon. 22. Bar. 23. Omer. 25. Cider. 26. Alec. 27. Ceres. 29. Cog. 30. Stele. 31. Split. 33. Yours. 35. Ait. 36. Ido. 38. Rigor. 40. Flaps. 43. Truro. 45. Ace. 47. Nopal. 49. Eons. 50. Azure. 52. Sara. 53. Nan. 54. Sneered. 56. Non. 57. Crenate. 59. Orifice. 61. Ra do. 62. Ives. 63. Listens. 64. Weather.

DOWN.—1. Haddock. 2. Reapers. 3. Sag. 4. Urge. 5. Telic. 7. Vidor. 8. Ebon. 9. Rim. 10. Edibles. 11. Tiercel. 15. Rime. 16. Edict. 17. Elegy. 18. Tael. 21. Odo. 24. Repairs. 26. Atropos. 28. Sligo. 30. Sudan. 32. Ito. 34. Oil. 37. Stencil. 38. Runners. 39. Razee. 40. Ferro. 41. Spanish. 42. Flâneur. 44. Roar. 46. Cue. 48. A roc. 50. Anton. 51. Eerie. 54. Sade. 55. Diva. 58. Nat. 60. Fet.

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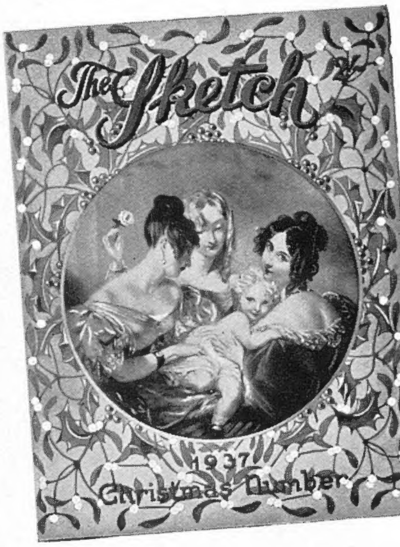

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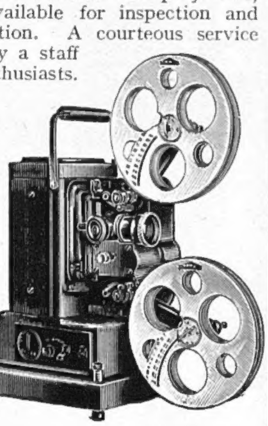

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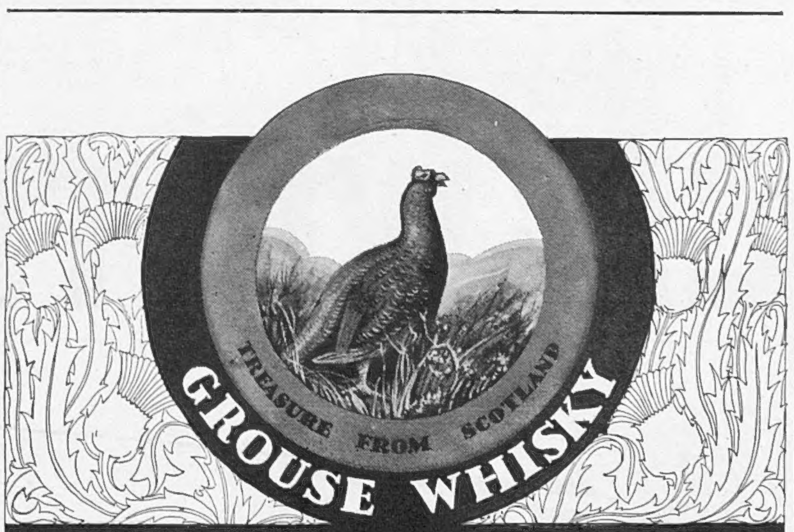

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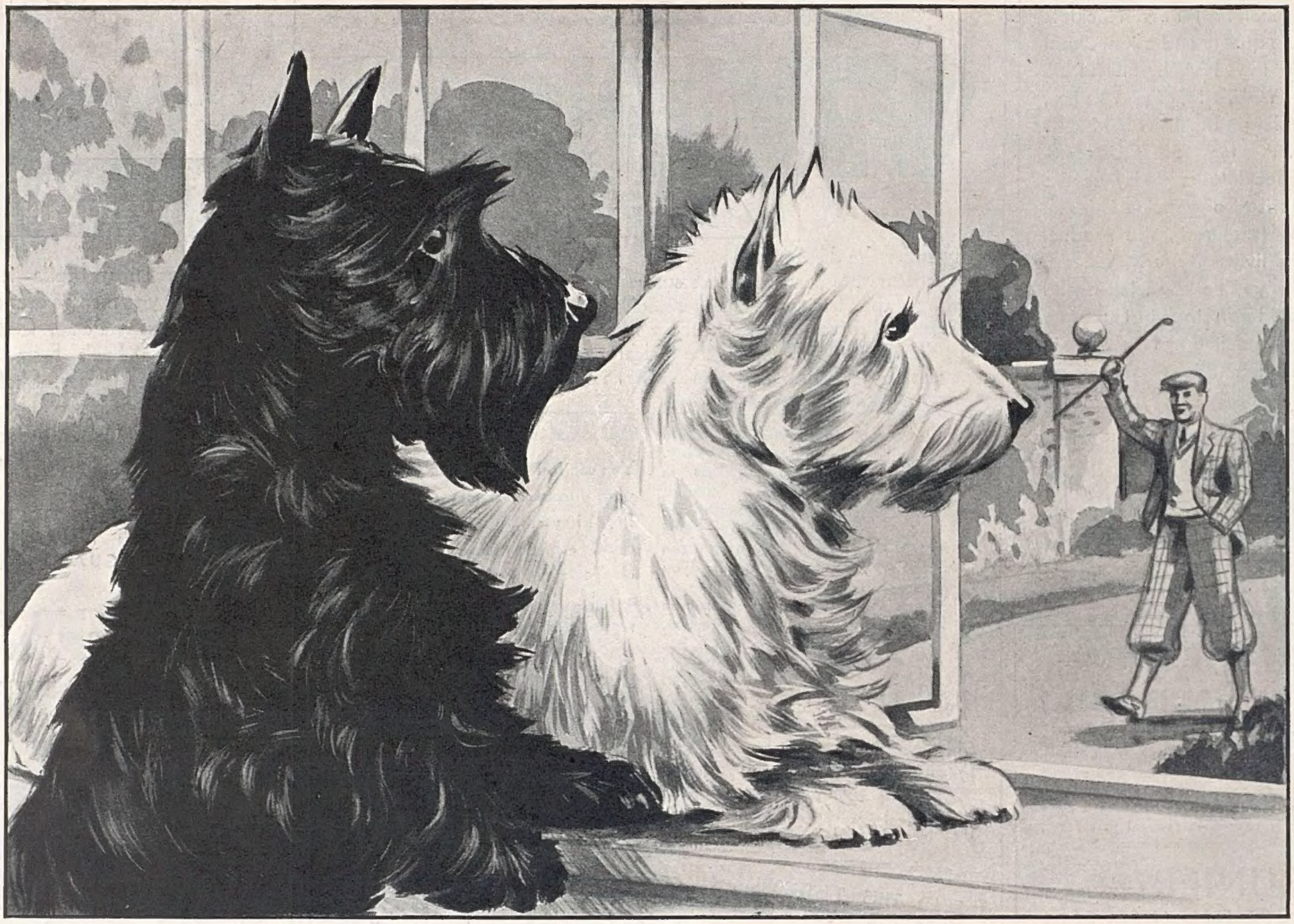

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